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IN TRIPLE HARNESS

THE second front has opened in Libya. Last week's destruction of Italian convoys was a sign that it would not be much longer delayed. The attack has waited for suitable weather and for supplies that should ensure superiority over an enemy now well defended and strengthened by German mechanised and armoured divisions. If the attack succeeds it should take the British to the borders of Tunis; it is no accident that Vichy has seen fit to remove General Weygand on the eve of an action that might have tested his subservience to the Axis. A successful offensive would also free a British army for use in the Middle East, open the Mediterranean to strong British convoys and shorten British supply routes by thousands of miles. Sicily and South Italy would immediately become vulnerable to the right military and propagandist offensive.

Assuming success in this attack, these are important advantages which are, no doubt, obvious to Stalin, who did not speak in ignorance when he last week prophesied the speedy opening of a second front. The time is past to speculate whether this was the best offensive to choose. Any attack must have the effect of indirectly easing the Russian situation. The truth is that the combination of Britain, Russia, China and the United States is a difficult business even in the limited realm of military strategy. It is to be hoped that some announcement may soon come from this side in response to the Russian request for a British declaration of war on the lesser Powers which now attack the U.S.S.R. There may be good reasons for delay; certainly if it is possible to neutralise Finland, that would better serve the common cause than to recognise her belligerency. But co-operation is not advanced while Finland fights against Russia and we seem to hesitate. Similarly in the Far East it is co-ordination that the Allied Powers require: Mr. Eden warns Japan, but if Tokio is to be deterred the warning should come simultaneously from Washington.

The problems of this co-operation are not easy to face. Yet it is clear that it must go far beyond the immediate needs of war.

The conviction grows that the German advance in Russia is nearing its limit for this season, and that the Red Army has won some months in which to reorganise, with its two capitals intact, for the next round of the struggle. We may assume that the U.S.S.R. will fight on, and when the end draws near will be in the field to play its part in shaping the destiny of Europe. Ahead of its vanguard, as it moves westward, the local Communists, often in collaboration with other more national groups—they fight together in Jugoslavia now—will be toughened in the long underground struggle, and will have prepared the masses for its coming.

How this will work out none of us can foresee. One thing, however, is clear. We must abandon the notion, of which the Atlantic Charter was the facile expression, that Britain and America relying on sea-power and economic supremacy, can jointly dictate the settlement. Unless this war is to be followed by other wars, the settlement will be triangular and the third party to it will be the Soviet Union, based not merely on the Red Army, but on the Socialist idea.

Few of us have yet begun to think our way into this situation or through it; Russia is welcomed as an indispensable ally in the military struggle, but there our foresight halts. We have to thank Mr. G. D. H. Cole for the first attempt, as bold as it is honest, to face the alternative courses that now confront us. His new book (*Europe, Russia and the Future*, Gollancz, 4*s*. 6*d*.) is lucid, courageous and human. The theme of it is the polarity of these two allies of ours, capitalist America and communist Russia. One solution of the European problem he excludes decidedly, though most of the exiled governments and our ruling class still cling to it: we cannot go back to a Versailles Europe, based on economic nationalism and the survival of sovereign States whose independence can be only a sham. If Britain and America should attempt to restore the old rulers of these States and the ideas for which they stand, they would not discover in occupying armies the will to accept expatriation for an indefinite term of years, in order to maintain the thing that once was and in any case can no longer endure. This obsolete pattern, if it could be restored as a façade, would conceal one of two realities—either some modified form of Fascism, or else an international capitalist feudalism, controlled by the dinosaurs of American Big Business. If the reader should object that the New Dealers are at present in charge at Washington, Mr. Cole would reply that their hold is precarious and that the New Deal is itself only an interim solution, which can last only as long as the National Debt can go on swelling. Any restoration of the old order in continental Europe could only be a temporary and transitional phase: it might survive in Britain, if we became a satellite of the United States.

For Europe, then, the creative alternative is Socialism, with a super-national political structure, a common defence service, and a planned economic order, which aims at plenty based on the social ownership of the chief means of production. Mr. Cole doubts whether it can be feasible, though it may be desirable, to treat all Europe as a single unit: he suggests that there may be three such units, (1) Western Europe, with or without Britain (2) Central and Eastern Europe, and (3) the U.S.S.R., but he foresees that the last may stretch much further westwards. So far from being autarchic, these economic plans would have to be dovetailed into each other. Mr. Cole argues that the revolution in Germany is likely to be communist. Germany has never been happy or whole-hearted in its efforts to be liberal, and Mr. Cole thinks it unlikely that the old Social-Democratic or Liberal elements, under the exiled leaders, could maintain themselves for long, even with Anglo-American support, for they have been discredited by a far from heroic failure. A temporary military occupation will be necessary, but it provides no solution. Finally, while parliamentary parties and even Trade Unions take time to create or restore, Soviets can be improvised in the workshops overnight. All these considerations point to Communism, though it is not for Mr. Cole or us the most desirable outcome.

However this may turn out, we would warmly second Mr. Cole in the main practical conclusion of his book—that British and Continental Socialists should at once begin to seek an understanding with Russian Communists over the European settlement. The obstables from both sides are immense. Stalin has little use for Social Democrats or for many of the things that matter most to Western Democrats. But Continental Socialists, as Mr. Cole says, cannot "make Socialism the basis of the post-war settlement without the help of the Soviet Union." But is that the intention of these parties? Few of them have said so; did any of them mean it? Mr. Cole himself says flatly that these Western Socialists, including the British Labour Party, "do not mean business." In that case, when they have to choose between the two polar opposites, will they not be satisfied with the Atlantic Charter, which Mr. Sumner Welles has interpreted as the policy of combining "individual enterprise" with a rising standard of life? These seem to us, as to Mr. Cole, in the long run contradictory aims. "Individual enterprise" ceased to matter long ago; the realities that concern us are the impersonal corporation, the mammoth trust, and the international cartel, which play for scarcity. What then are we to do if, with this choice before us, the parties which profess Socialism "do not mean business"? We hope the answer may be that they despaired of Socialism in the settlement while the Soviet Union was a hostile neutral: they may yet adjust themselves to the new fact. The chief but not the only merit ot Mr. Cole's book is that he has placed the problems of these diverse alliances clearly before the public. Few people yet face the terrific implications of the business man's America on the one side, the Soviet Union on the other, a potentially revolutionary Europe and a Britain that will not easily accept either the dominance of American business or the spread of Communist doctrine.

Move and Counter-move

Even the narrow majority of eighteen in the House of Representatives for the amendment of the Neutrality Act would probably have vanished if it had not been presented with the utmost speed, before the American labour conflict alienated more Democratic votes. Indeed, it is indicative of the American problem that while the C.I.O., which has often been accused of Communism, and is certainly "radical," in fact impedes the supply of armaments for Russia, some of the men elected to support Roosevelt are more concerned for the supremacy of capitalism than they are for American defence. The passing of the amendments was greeted with furious criticism in Berlin and Tokio, for it means that Roosevelt can and will use the American fleet in any war zone. The German counter-move is increased pressure on Vichy to include France definitely in the New Order. The chief gain to Germany would be the use of the French merchant marine, which has hitherto nominally served France only, though the cargoes it carries often go straight from Marseilles to the Reich; and once Britain was treating French ships as enemies the French navy would sail to protect them under German orders. Darlan is said to be anxious for full collaboration; and Pétain is experiencing the truth of the saying: "You cannot go halfway with crime and then say, 'Here we part company.'" On the other side of the world Japan seems irretrievably committed to her forward move, which will mean a Pacific war. Obviously Tokio feels her peril; otherwise Mr. Kurusu would not have been sent to Washington to talk to Mr. Cordell Hull. Presumably this is a concession to the moderates in Japan. But the possibility of compromise, if it existed, has been effectively blocked by the rushing through of a war budget and General Tojo's speech on Monday. His terms, acquiescence in the conquest of China, the abrogation of the war materials blockade of the democracies, and the prevention of the spread of war to the Pacific, cannot be granted by the United States, which is much clearer on the Asiatic than on the European war.

The Home Front *(by an Industrial Correspondent)*

Probably the farm workers' wage issue will have been settled nationally by the time these notes appear. Already in a number of counties the Wages Committees have granted the 60*s.* rate without waiting for the final decision of the National Wages Board. In other counties the Committees have agreed to the 60*s.* only on condition of an adjustment of agricultural prices to cover the cost; and in yet others either no advance at all over the 56*s.* provisionally fixed as a national minimum has been granted, or the County Committee has stopped at an intermediate point—usually 58*s.* In general, except in the Eastern Counties and a few other areas, opinion is plainly favourable to the 60*s.* minimum, which has the support of a good number of farmers as well as of the "independents" on the wages Committees. The opposition, as far as it has any case except the traditional hostility to higher rural wages, either argues that higher wages will lead to inflation, or alleges the lower cost of living in the country as a reason against further concessions. But is the wartime cost of living really lower in the country in face of fixed prices for many necessary goods, of the fact that the shortage of other goods (leading to non-consumption) affects the higher wage classes much more than such "bottom dogs" as the rural labourers, and of the tendency to take away the perquisites of cheap or free goods which many rural workers used to get? A good deal of nonsense is talked about the cheapness of rural living, as far as the rural workers are concerned. As for the argument about inflation, surely it has no weight when it is a question of the worst-paid classes. And it is only valid against general wage-increases, as long as there are luxury goods and services to be bought outside all rationing or control of expenditure.

* * *

The women munition workers present a similar, but more difficult, problem. The Trade Unions are annoyed at the minimum rate of 43*s.* which has just been fixed for women in the engineering trades—an advance of 5*s.* as against the 9*s.* which was asked for in order to bring the rate up to the allowance now paid to women trainees in the Government Training Centres. It is indeed anomalous that a woman who gets 47*s.* during her period of training should be forced to take a job at 43*s.* when she has been trained. The fault lies in part in a failure to discriminate enough in respect of women's wages. Employers tend, wherever they can, to pay women the bare minimum irrespective of training or skill. Surely a woman who has been trained for partly skilled work ought to command a substantially higher rate than one who goes to a munition factory without any previous industrial experience of a kind likely to be useful to her, and without any training. It will no doubt be answered that the women can improve greatly on the rate by working overtime, or where they are on piecework. But many are not on piecework; many others have no chance of working overtime because the factories cannot take them for more than the standard hours (*e.g.*, under three-shift systems); and many others who are now going into the factories have homes to mind as well, and find it quite strain enough to keep the regular hours without any overtime. My plea would be, not so much for a higher general minimum as to more differentiation in women's starting wages, and for better opportunities to rise to a higher rate on proof of skill or dexterity. Failing such remedies, the general rate will have to be raised; for the 43*s.* is profoundly unattractive to women who are being forcibly transferred to munitions from more highly paid women's trades.

* * *

What an outcry there would have been in peacetime at the Government's action in sending soldiers to run "blackleg" road transport services to break the Glasgow busmen's strike! But under present conditions it is plainly out of the question to leave vital war workers even for a few days without the means of getting to and from work; and there was accordingly no alternative to the provision of emergency transport by the only available means. Of the merits of the busmen's case I have, frankly, no idea: I know only that there has been in Glasgow continual trouble about the length and conditions of driving duties during the blackout, and that local feeling has been strong for some time past. The strike began as a protest against the dismissal of a couple of men who had refused to obey orders they regarded as unreasonable. The Transport and General Workers' Union tried to stop the strike; but the men's backs were up, and they took, in spite of the war, the normal way of protesting against what they regarded as a miscarriage of justice. I think they were wrong; for their action was bound to cause not merely very serious inconvenience, but loss of vital war production. But I can understand their feelings that only by demonstrating unmistakably their sense of solidarity with the dismissed men could they hope to achieve anything effective on their behalf. The promise of "no victimisation," which I understand has been given, is the first essential.

The Grand Inquest *(by a Parliamentary Correspondent)*

In his speech on the first day of the debate on the Address the Prime Minister said: "The debate on the Address furnishes the signal outstanding parliamentary opportunity of the year. It is the Grand Inquest of the nation. . . . We shall therefore give the fullest facilities to the Debate on the Address." After two days' general debate, however, the Government appears to be narrowing its scope and even in these two days' back benchers had a bare 4½ hours. Alexander, who replied to the debate, devoted the whole of his speech to a violent personal attack upon Shinwell and made no attempt to answer any point raised during the debate. He seems to have expected Shinwell to deal with shipping and to have prepared his reply accordingly. Shinwell had decided that the subject could not be properly dealt with without giving information to the enemy, and so avoided it.

Both Acland and Hammersley made good speeches on the first day; the former gave the best exposition he has yet achieved of his thesis that a Socialist change must begin here and now to win the war or the peace. Hammersley dealt constructively with concentration and tank production. Austin Hopkinson made an outstanding speech. After showing that Germany has material superiority and, so far, superiority of military leadership, he dealt with the moral factor. While the enemy possesses millions of young men and women who are willing to die for the vile Nazi creed, the Government, which talks of this war as a moral crusade, fail to give the nation a lead and a real purpose.

Earlier in the debate Jim Griffiths, speaking for the Labour Party, said, "I have a feeling, and I think it is shared by a great many others, that there is among our British people a people who in the last two years have stood between the world and the collapse of its civilisation, a people who can rise to a great occasion, a people who can do great work—I have a feeling that this people is somehow not all out, that somewhere in the back of their minds is something that is holding them back."

"THE SMALL VOICE"

At Kuibyshev ten days ago, M. Lozovsky, Vice-Chairman of the Soviet Information Bureau, called a conference of 158 German prisoners of war. "The agenda," says the official report, "consisted of one point: 'How to finish Hitler's criminal war.'" Hermann Fleischner, a German private, delivered a speech addressed to German soldiers and to the German people. He said: "The real voice of the working German people, of all honest Germans, can only be heard in muttered tones. It is the duty of every working man and woman, desiring the immediate end of this crazy Hitlerite war, to do everything to ensure that this small voice penetrates throughout the German factories, throughout the units of the German Army, wherever there are Germans suffering as the result of this frenzied Hitlerite war." In closing the conference, Corporal Tiemer, of Nuremberg, said: "First and foremost it is absolutely essential for us all to free ourselves of all vestiges of Nazi lies and Nazi thought."

The event is characteristic and instructive. Here were no windy words. No rosy illusions of an easy road ahead. "Muttered tones . . . a small voice." And the recognition of a fierce process of re-education as a primary task. Perhaps some, fed on illusions, or unaccustomed to the hard realities of such matters, may find these frank admissions of difficulties to be surmounted depressing. But it is a fair guess that in Berlin and at the offices of the German Field Security Police they make a different estimate. This is the real, dangerous stuff; dangerous because it shows the enemy in full possession of the facts about the position to be attacked.

In Britain this week there appear on bookstalls some half-million of a pamphlet by Lord Vansittart entitled *Roots of the Trouble*. It is the successor to the same author's *Black Record*. These pamphlets, too—like the Kuibyshev Conference—are an approach to "the problem of Germany." The latest contains some lofty rebukes to such as those 158 men who met at Kuibyshev. "'Hitlerite,'" writes Lord Vansittart, "is a monstrous and meaningless word. It mars our dear and lovely language. Plain Germany to you. That is what we are fighting. . . . For Russian heroism in resistance to this age-long national brutality no praise can be too high, no sympathy too deep, no assistance too great. But Soviet propaganda *can* be over-praised."

Lord Vansittart would be uninteresting but for two facts about him. First, he is obviously sincere. He has the tortured sincerity of a man trying to devise a will, so knotted and spliced with a multiplicity of safeguards that it shall for ever protect his heirs against their own follies. Second, his belief that we have always been swindled by the Germans in the past, and his gnawing fear lest they slip another fast one over us in the future, are shared by a very large number of Englishmen who lack Vansittart's opportunities for making a realistic estimate of the problem and its solution. Fascist propaganda plays upon an identical swindlephobia about the Jews.

It is no use Lord Vansittart, or anyone else, trying to tell us that his kind of thinking is not dangerous. The facts are on record. It is really too late to tell the men and women of this day and age that there is no harm in making myths about (to quote Vansittart, Rosenberg and Goebbels) "the German land and the German soul." We have seen where this mysticism leads. It leads to the obfuscation of the good and the heyday of the wicked. Houston Chamberlain, Rosenberg and Goebbels are swindling quacks engaged in deliberately distracting people's attention from reality with their myths about "Germanism" as a "thing in itself." Lord Vansittart is a sincere practitioner with bees in his bonnet. The condition of the patient, civilisation, is however too grave for us to waste precious time offering up mystical incantations as a cure for galloping consumption.

There are those who think Lord Vansittart must "know better." They suppose he has his tongue in his cheek, as he mis-states history. Let us give him the benefit of the doubt. He knows no better. But he comes dangerously near to the mystical hotch-potch about spiritual regeneration and what not, which is characteristic of the public philosophy of the men of Vichy. To cover their shame, they proclaimed that France must "expiate" her sins, must look away from the facts of life and seek only spiritual solace and solution. Lord Vansittart, who denounces the men of Vichy, nevertheless writes: "The ignorant, the biased, the mendacious, will try to confuse you by saying that the problem of Germany is economic. It is nothing of the kind; it is something far worse, far deeper—it is spiritual." This, in a sense, is true of us and especially true of Germany. But surely we all know that the spiritual is not unrelated to social and the economic. This sort of political spiritualism will get us nowhere.

"Belief in the latent democratic virtues of the German people," writes Lord Vansittart, "arises from the delusion that there was a *real* 'revolution' in Germany after the last war." Shades of Liebknecht and Luxemburg! Who but woolly thinking persons believed that the revolution in Germany after the last war, was more than superficial or that Ebert and Noske were true representatives of the "latent democratic virtues of the German people?" The Weimar Republic was a precariously liberal structure; it never dislodged the hierarchy of the Junkers, of the Imperial Army or the entrenched bureaucracy.

Going a step back from Weimar, Lord Vansittart suggests that there really was no opposition to the last war in Germany, and that no opposition appeared until after the defeat. Yet the official records are littered with the evidence of governmental Germans who found the opposition grave and bitter, and of serious and heroic working-class movements against the whole kit and caboodle of the German imperialists. Out of such a wealth of evidence it is hard to pick and choose. But look, for instance, at the remarkable memorandum sent on January 17th, 1918 (hardly a moment of German defeat), by von Radowitz, Under-Secretary at the Reich Chancellery, to the High Command. "The danger" (of strikes and other oppositional action) "is in fact non-existent so long as the Social-Democrats remain in contradiction to the independent Socialists. It becomes immediate the moment the Social-Democrats make common cause with the Independents, and start to influence the masses with the cry that the war is being prolonged, and slogans about electoral reform, hunger and cold. . . . We must not forget that, despite everything, the example of Russia is having its effect among us, and can have bad results if the bad elements are not held in check by their own leaders. The reports to this effect by the Police President of Berlin are significant."

Or take the famous report which Doctor Viktor Naumann made to the Chancellor in February, 1918. (Both this report and that of Radowitz were confidential, so cannot be said to have been German dope to deceive the English.) After a gloomy picture of the strength of the anti-war movement in Austria, Naumann remarks that "in Berlin, too, the Social-Democratic leaders informed me that if within the next four weeks the question of the Prussian electoral reform had not made considerable progress, if there were no signs of an honest desire for peace on the part of the Government, if annexationist ideas, especially in the east, were to influence foreign policy, then they would be just as powerless as their Austrian colleagues to hold up coming events, though for many reasons they would regard their coming with the utmost alarm."

In February, 1918, Field-Marshal Ludendorff wrote to the Chancellor commenting on the fact that "Bolshevik elements are having an infectious effect upon the younger elements," and that in consequence "a number of troops and reserves are kept stuck in the interior, whom I already, and probably in the future, urgently need at the front." Hardly evidence of an absence of opposition. Perhaps Ludendorff would have been comforted if he had only known, like Lord Vansittart, that the German opposition and the dangers of the Bolshevik elements were mere illusions. He need never have kept those troops there at all if he had only known, like Lord Vansittart, that "Germany always is united in war."

With some ingenuity Lord Vansittart suggests that the political attitudes and ideologies which, in point of cold fact were to be found in more or less similar forms in all countries during the period of the rise of the unified nation-state, and the period of national wars, arose, in Germany, not out of the circumstances of the growth of the nation-state, but out of some particular "Germanism." When he talks of the unity of Germany, he actually omits to mention that, in fact, Germany was the last first-class European power to achieve "national unity" and to enter on the path of imperialism. Bismarck's struggle against the ultramontanism (including open intrigue with the "national enemy" in Paris) of the Catholic Centrum was without parallel in any other great nation-state at that period.

"When revolutionary unity failed," wrote Lenin, "Bismarck achieved it in a counter-revolutionary, Junker fashion." From the defeat of the democratic forces in Germany after 1848, through the victories of Bismarck, through the growth of the great monopolies and the Empire, through the revolt, disunity and defeat of the revolutionary working class forces in 1919, and the consequent re-creation of a still more powerful imperialist state, pumped full of British and American money, bolstered "against Bolshevism" by British and French and American policy, and headed by Hitler, the story is one of continuous struggle. It is also a story full of tidings of defeats. Because of these defeats, Lord Vansittart chooses to assume that the people and the forces who suffered them really never existed at all. If Bismarck had only known he need never have introduced the anti-Socialist laws. If Noske had known he need never have shot anyone or organised the *Technische Nothilfe*. If Hitler had known he need never have organised Storm Troopers, built concentration camps, and set out to poison and reduce millions of young Germans to the level of bestiality and barbarism already displayed by them in the occupied territories.

It is a mistaken way of reading history, and, what is more to the point, a dangerous one. To deny or ignore the potential forces against Hitlerism within Germany itself is to refuse in advance to sharpen and employ the existence of a weapon which can hasten victory and, after victory, must be one of the dominant factors in shaping the future of Germany.

There is a tough road to travel. The "little voice" that kept Ludendorff's troops in Germany instead of at the front, is still only speaking in "muttered tones." It will not speak the louder if we choose to deny that it is there.

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THE AMERICAN LABOUR CONFLICT

When a country is actually at war—war which the great majority of its citizens regard as just and necessary—one part of the labour problem largely solves itself. Major stoppages of work will occur, under such conditions, only under very great provocation, as a result of really gross mismanagement by the Government or by big bodies of employers, leading to resentments which must find an outlet in protestant action; and, even so, strikes will last but a little time, and the strikers will go back to work, grievance or no grievance, as soon as they have worked off the edge of their indignation. There has been in Great Britain, since the beginning of the war, no strike of major importance, nor even the threat of such a strike, despite the severe strains to which great bodies of war workers have been subjected, and despite the absence of all logic and justice in the apportionment of economic rewards. The British working class, as a whole, has been so conscious of the need for beating the Nazis that it has put up with a great deal with very little grumbling—and this in spite of the fact that the Communists, until the Nazi attack on Russia were by no means averse from making all the trouble they could.

But things are necessarily very different in a country which is not at war, or is only half at war. In the United States at present the workman cannot have the same sense that he is under an obligation to go all out as a servant of the public as the workman has in Great Britain, despite the many imperfections in the British system of war production. We have, indeed, often argued that the British worker's sense of being engaged in an essentially public service is continually thwarted by the knowledge that the great capitalist concerns are using the occasion to entrench themselves more firmly than ever in economic authority. But in spite of this, the vast majority of workers have in them the sense of being servants in the public cause, as well as cogs in the wheel of capitalist production. This sense the American workman has not, and cannot be expected to have, at the present stage of American intervention. He is conscious of a growing power, as labour becomes scarce and employers cannot longer rely on a supply of blacklegs to replace strikers, or on the support of the Government for their traditional methods of preventing unionisation. But he is not therewith conscious of a grave responsibility for the use which he makes of this new power. He has too many old scores to pay off, and too little feeling as yet that the struggle which is being fought out among the nations of the Old World is his struggle as much as that of the workers in Great Britain or in the Soviet Union. So far only a small fraction of the American working-class is engaged directly in war production; and the consumers' trades in general are so far from having been cut down that they have been booming as a result of the increase in total employment. The war has not come home to the American workers either through mass enlistments or through the cutting down of non-essential industries or through the compulsory enrolment of men and women for war work, or through the enforcement of special restrictions on the movement of labour. The American economy is still in a stage of expansion—lopsided expansion—not unlike that which occurs in the course of an ordinary peacetime boom; and such booms are the natural opportunities for Trade Unionism to extend its influence and increase its authority.

Moreover, the traditional attitude of American capitalism to the Labour Movement has been such as inevitably to provoke sharp reactions as soon as economic conditions bring about an increase in Labour's bargaining power. And the position is further complicated by the internecine feud in the ranks of American Trade Unionism. The Congress of Industrial Organisations arose and developed as a formidable rival to the American Federation of Labour precisely because the older Unions refused to use their strength in an attempt to spread their influence to industries dominated by Big Business. The entire *raison d'être* of the C.I.O. was that the traditional craft unionism of the A.F. of L. was a hopelessly bad instrument for the unionisation of the mass-production factories, which could be organised only by means of a concerted drive by skilled and less skilled grades together. It is a great deal to expect, now, that the C.I.O., having been presented by the European War with a magnificent opportunity for asserting its strength and compelling Big Business to recognise its rights, should forgo its chance, very likely at the cost of losing a large part of its following and having to accept defeat at the hands of its better entrenched rival.

This situation, rather than the personal attitude of John L. Lewis, is the fundamental explanation of the strike-wave in the United States, as far as it affects the Unions affiliated to the C.I.O. Lewis's personality, and his feud with the President, doubtless count for something; but they count because Lewis's predilections, fit in with what the members of the C.I.O. instinctively want to do. It is indeed a tribute to Mr. Roosevelt's personal influence, as well as to a half-sense of the meaning of the World War in the minds of many C.I.O. members, that the strike wave has not been much more formidable than it has so far been in fact. For the attitude of a large proportion of the Big Business leaders in the United States is in itself an intense provocation to the Trade Unionists. Many of these leaders are still fighting against every form of collective bargaining with every weapon, lawful or unlawful, that they can command; and many others, who have been forced to yield the letter of "recognition," are fighting against its spirit more bitterly than ever. Study the causes of the strikes which have occurred in the United States during the past year and you will find that the attempt to establish Trade Union rights comes easily first among them, and accounts for more than half the total number of strikes that have been declared. Despite the rising cost of living, which gives ample ground for wage demands, "recognition" is far ahead of "wages" as an issue in these conflicts. Doubtless, the wage issue is often present in the background, behind the attempt to establish bargaining rights. But there is no doubt that the rights of "unionisation" and "recognition" are foremost in the majority of the big disputes which have led to stoppages of work.

It is true that in the present dispute in the "tied" section of the coal industry the United Mine Workers, under Lewis's leadership, are demanding more than these rights. They want the "closed shop," or, in other words, compulsory Trade Union membership; and this Mr. Roosevelt, in the name of liberty, has just told them they have no chance of getting by means of legislation or Governmental pressure. Mr. Roosevelt says that it is too like the Nazis; and there is something in this view of the case. But the "closed shop," which has been actually granted in a number of collective bargains in the United States, has become a vital issue because so many big American employers have long insisted on its opposite, the "open shop"—which means in practice, not that it is equally open to men to join or not to join a Union, but that every obstacle is put in the way of their joining one, and that, if they do join, the Union is refused the right to speak on their behalf, and those who act prominently in its affairs are very liable to be sacked, or even clubbed and gaoled, for their pains. The "closed shop" is the natural answer to the "open shop"; for, if two blacks do not make a white, it is at any rate undeniable that one black leads very readily to another.

Moreover, is the "closed shop" really so unreasonable a demand? Middle-class people are apt to protest loudly against it in the name of individual liberty (though most of them make no such protest when it is practised by one of their own middle-class professions). Workmen are apt to regard the matter differently, and to argue that a man who in fact reaps the benefit of Trade Union action ought to pay his share of the expenses involved. Conscientious objection to Trade Unionism no doubt exist; but it is very rare. Most Non-Unionists are unorganised, not because they think Trade Unionism is bad, but from apathy, or because they would sooner get something for nothing than pay a weekly contribution, or because they hope to curry favour with an anti-Union firm, and thus improve their chances of promotion. These are by no means respectable reasons; and it is not easy to persuade workmen who are in daily contact with persons who act on them to regard the defence of these persons' individual liberty as a righteous cause.

Nevertheless, there is much to be said against compulsory Unionism—not least from the side of the Trade Unions themselves. Voluntary members are much better members than those who join under compulsion; and the latter may, if they are numerous, lessen effective Trade Union strength. This applies especially to compulsion by law, which might unduly force the pace of growth; whereas compulsion achieved by direct pressure is unlikely to be found except when the Union has already a firm foundation of voluntary strength. But compulsion, except by law, cannot be made effective without the threat of strike action; and if that is to be ruled out because of war conditions, the Anti-Union employer is bound to get his own way in the absence of legal compulsion.

That is the dilemma in which the C.I.O. is now placed. It cannot enforce full unionisation except by either threatening strike action or getting the President and Congress to enforce it by law. If legal enforcement is out of the question, both on grounds of "liberty of the subject" and because of the storm which it would arouse among the President's personal and political opponents, the only alternatives left are either to threaten to strike or to give up the point. They will be prepared to give it up only to the extent to which they come to feel that they are citizens of a country so far at war (even if undeclared) that the needs of war must take precedence of every other consideration. But this they can hardly be expected to feel, solidly and in the mass, until their employers have become permeated by a similar sense of over-riding public necessity, or until war conditions have impinged much more than they have so far on the general habits of living among the American people. The Labour unrest in the United States is, in view of the state and history of industrial relations in that country, a natural phenomenon of the existing halfway stage of American intervention in the world conflict. It will probably melt away as far and as fast as American politics and industry get really on to a war footing.

A LONDON DIARY

What a rare pleasure warmly to agree with a leading article in the *Times*, and on India of all subjects! On Tuesday it asked, with obviously sincere concern, for the release of Indian political prisoners, of whom there are by various reckonings either 7,216 or 8,764. But it recognised that an amnesty, however generous, would in itself settle nothing, unless political action followed. It went on to propose that we should "bring more of the Indian leaders, including those now or recently in opposition, into a responsible share in the tasks of government." This is very nearly what this journal proposed two weeks ago; but we would frankly turn the Viceroy's Council into a National Government drawn exclusively from such Indian leaders as the *Times* has in mind. The name is important for the sake of the psychological effect, both in India and abroad. The fact that Mr. Joshi withdrew his motion for an amnesty suggests that he has hopes.

* * *

I have just read three items about Hess. The first was in Stalin's speech. He referred to the failure of Hess to persuade Britain and the U.S.A. to help Hitler's war against the U.S.S.R. Not to be outdone, Mr. Churchill also broke the rule of silence and said that in the various remarks that "Deputy-Führer Hess has let fall during his sojourn in our midst, nothing has been more clear than that Hitler relied upon the starvation attack even more than upon invasion to bring us to our knees." There is nothing new or contradictory in these statements. The gist of Hess's message is not in dispute. He came to tell us that we should all be starved to death by blockade if we did not make peace quickly, but that if we did join the Führer's New (anti-Bolshevik) Order we could rely on his good offices with the Führer to bring us favourable terms of peace. The third reference was in an article by Y.Y., first printed in this journal and now republished in a most attractive little book under the title of *Life's Little Oddities* (Dent at *7s. 6d.*) He writes about Hess's chicken and makes the excellent suggestion that Howard Marshall should have broadcast all details of Hess's meal. I am still unsatisfied. I know what Hess had for dinner and what he said. I am still ignorant about who sent him. The complete muddle of German broadcasts about him during the first days after his arrival is strong evidence that he came without official sanction. Personally, I have always believed that he came with the knowledge of only a very few others, in the belief that he would be welcomed by the Führer after an heroic and successful mission. Part of the American press ran a very interesting tit-bit. They say that after the two British envoys were kidnapped in Holland early in the war, the British Secret Service swore revenge and planted in Germany a grand story about a Scottish rising against the British Government, in which they suggested that the Duke of Hamilton would play a leading part (which would explain the Duke's ignorance of Hess). They knew that some emissary would come from Germany by aeroplane, but they were themselves surprised when it turned out to be the Deputy Führer himself. This, as they say, is as may be. One detail that amuses me and which is not, I believe, any secret is that Hess has now long been furiously angry with us for not providing him with an aeroplane and petrol to go back to Germany. I am told that he uses quite strong language and regards us as no gentlemen.

* * *

A fortnight ago Hitler used words which showed that he was conscious that the Bishop of Munster was not the only Catholic leader who had gone out in definite opposition to the Nazi regime. He said, as every tyrant in history has said, that his government never persecuted religion as such. He added that, no camouflage of religion would be allowed to save anyone who opposed the Third Reich. He warned opposition elements that he was watching them. One day he would strike—"strike like lightning." This speech was delivered four months after the Bishop of Munster's speech of July 13th (you will have read the long extract given in this journal a fortnight ago). The Bishop had expected to be arrested at once; he told his people it was the last time probably that he could speak to them. And yet he was not arrested. Why has Hitler not yet struck like lightning? The answer is not difficult. Because he is fighting an anti-Bolshevik crusade and wants eager Catholics to line up behind him from all parts of Europe. He wants America and Canada too, to believe that he is a friend of the Church, just as last year, when he had made his eternal pact with the U.S.S.R., he tried to win the working classes to his side. His failure with the Catholics is as great as the failure of his working-class propaganda. The Bishop of Munster has made further outspoken appeals since Hitler spoke; he has called on the Church for a campaign of passive, but firm resistance; leading Catholics have not been afraid to speak their minds in Belgium and something like a Catholic revolt is in process in Holland.

* * *

On July 26th last this journal was able to make the first announcement of a scheme of Army Education in Current Affairs, which would be made a part of regular Army training. With a speed which is unusual in the War Office, the scheme actually got going by September 20th. The accounts that reach me after these seven weeks of experiment are generally encouraging. The Adjutant-General, Sir Ronald Adam, the Welfare Officer, Major-General Willans, and Mr. Margesson himself have all strongly backed the novel principle. I have talked to a number of people who have seen the scheme at work; the study pamphlets sent out about food, about the United States, about Russia and other subjects have been written by competent people. Some officers take week-end study schools in the art of teaching, conducted by experienced adult education lecturers. One young officer I met in the train mentioned as a drawback the pleasure that some soldiers found in "catching out" their platoon commander. This, of course, is a proof that the platoon commander is not a very expert lecturer. The art is to make the smart fellow do a bit of talking himself and let him show the class how much and how little he knows. A sensible officer who does not know the answer to a question, can often find someone among the men who does. I shall follow the development of A.B.C.A. with the greatest interest.

* * *

A first-class piece of constructive thinking has just come out of Birmingham. *When We Build Again* (published by Allen & Unwin) is a delightfully produced account of housing and planning problems of Birmingham with a series of concrete suggestions for the future. It describes how the market town of Birmingham gradually grew into a vast centre of separate manufacturing businesses spreading out and swamping the villages round it; the plans and photographs show how these villages became engulfed, leaving sometimes a church and a few old cottages as an island in the sea of factories and cluttered streets; how the central zone where the population is most congested, and the middle ring where it was once superior to live, still contain 35,000 back-to-back houses and miles upon miles of "tunnel backs," how the congestion gets less as you move out; how far and how little the oasis of Bournville and other less remarkable experiments in new housing have improved the miserable pattern of uncontrolled industrialism. The photographs and plans are admirably produced, and tell the story of the text with a vivid reality that statistics cannot produce. Then there is the inquiry into what people really want; the discovery that Birmingham is at present not at all "flat-minded," and that, rent apart, distance from place of work and the desire for a garden are the most important considerations in the choice of a place to live. The plans for the future are not based on the consideration of blitzed streets, but on the broader and more correct considerations of the need for a wider region of administration and the necessity of planning the existing area without spreading the conurbation of Birmingham beyond its already swollen frontiers. This type of unofficial, but expert, survey should be made by every large town, and should be accompanied by the most violent and insistent demand for the Cabinet to decide on whom the planning powers and responsibilities for the future are really to fall—Mr. Greenwood's two men and a woman—or Lord Reith's important, but stultified, department, or the Ministry of Health, which has now the cards in its hands, but which is tangled up in a maze of red tape and conflicting authorities and established traditions.

* * *

One piece of information elicited from the Chancellor of the Exchequer deserves more publicity than it has had. In the Civil Service it may be said that anyone with a grade above that of principal has real responsibility. Sir Kingsley Wood revealed that in the entire Civil Service there are only 13 women in such posts, and that only one of these is a temporary Civil Servant—i.e., a wartime appointment. Even in this country I think the men made rather more room for the women in the last war than they have so far done in this. Have the men become more armour-plated, or have the women atrophied or ossified?

* * *

As at present advised I shall not vote for anyone at the Hampstead By-election. The rivals to the official Conservative, on leave from service in foreign parts, seem all to want the same things, though one stresses the needs of soldiers, the second the advantages of bombing and a third the necessity of all-aid-to-Russia. These candidates represent popular frustration: to be worthwhile a by-election in the period of political truce should be fought by a candidate with a national reputation and on a platform which would unite the forces of the critical opposition. This must and should develop.

CRITIC

JITTERJAPS

"Tokyo A.R.P. exercises have now ended; casualties, some fatal, included a Rear-Admiral, who died of heart failure while handling a stirrup-pump against an imaginary bomb; the Imperial Total War Research Institute Handbook advises citizens to carry cushions round the head for protection."—News item.

IN Tokyo's A.R.P. drill
Confusion was notably rife,
When wardens turned out for the kill
There was risk to civilian life,
Much danger to Japanese life.

It cannot be certainly known
If the A.F.S. all ran amok,
But many civilians lay prone
And several succumbed to the shock,
To A.R.P. exercise shock.

When faced with a make-believe bomb,
To the Japanese Navy's surprise,
An Admiral failed in aplomb
And suffered immediate demise—
A stirrup-pump caused his demise.

Despite this regretted decease,
Which the Civil Defence must deplore,
Japan's preparations for peace
Are still overshadowed by war,
A.R.P. must proceed as before.

The plan to pour oil on the seas
(The Pacific is just on the boil)
By a highly unjustified "freeze,"
Is deprived of the requisite oil,
An invidious shortage of oil.

So Tokyo cannot but fear
Her choice at the cross-roads draws nigh,
For the whole co-prosperity sphere
Is threatened by murderous Thai—
Japan is encircled by Thai.

The state of alarm was widespread
Till they learned from a War Ministry
That cushions, if worn round the head,
Were effective in no small degree
In air raids and home A.R.P.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Balbus.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

You Lucky People! Install Relay Wireless and have your own air-raid warnings (day and night).—Advertising leaflet.

Wanted, eight Christian ladies for one hour on Sunday nights to sing to the afflicted.—Advt. in *Western Mail.*

Referring to Russia, Lord Rothermere said: "We have a great nation which is fighting in another part of the world for the ideals we believe in."—*Daily Mail.*

Home Guard manoeuvres in Portadown last Sunday caused indignation at a meeting of Armagh Branch of the Ruling Elders' Union on Wednesday night. Seconding a resolution urging that the Sabbath Day "should be kept for the purpose for which it was instituted, as a day of rest and worship and the nourishment of spiritual life," Mr. A. H. Ward, Portadown, said: "We have such a wonderful Lord that I believe that if we keep His laws He will be able to look after secondary considerations."—*Belfast Newsletter.*

BRITISH NAZISM

The Southern Rhodesia Land Apportionment Act of 1941 came into force last August. It was passed in Rhodesia, and consented to by the British Government. It was never discussed by Parliament. It is the continuation of a previous Act of 1930. The main provisions are, first, the division of the country, which includes some 96,000,000 acres, into 49,000,000 acres reserved for white ownership, 29,000,000 for native ownership, and the rest as forest area and "unassigned." Within the white areas no native may own land or remain, unless some European guarantees that he is in his employ; the natives now living in the white areas are to leave by the end of 1942, unless they are labourers for Europeans. Those needed for industry are to inhabit special townships. The Europeans number 55,000; the Africans 1,100,000. The British Government has thus agreed to condemn a million British subjects to restriction to a third of their own country and service-villeinage in the rest of it, for the benefit of a minority of 55,000 British subjects. And Parliament has had no opportunity to prevent this application of a purely Nazi policy, and one, moreover, in flat contradiction of repeated governmental statements of colonial principle, within the British Empire.

The League of Coloured Peoples in October wrote the following letter to Lord Cranborne, as Colonial Minister, from which we quote the main passages:

Your Lordship,—The Land Apportionment Act of 1930 was passed avowedly to give effect to the policy of segregation desired by the Government of Southern Rhodesia's white minority. Under this Act rather more than half the whole area of the country is reserved exclusively for white ownership, despite the fact that the European population is rather less than one-twentieth of the whole. This half, as is only to be expected, includes most of the best lands of the country and most of the land which is easily accessible and served by mechanical transport. No African may own land in these areas. The Africans, the remaining 95 per cent. of the population, are graciously allowed to live in "Native Areas," comprising less than one-third of the country, and generally admitted (even by Lord Haley's "survey," page 809) to be in parts overcrowded, with resulting soil erosion, in parts inadequately watered, and in parts infested with tsetse fly. The present Act, which is before your Lordship for approval, is intended to give further effect to this policy.

In considering what action to take your Lordship has to answer two questions:—

First, do you believe that the policy of prohibiting natives from owning lands in their own country is justified? Racial discrimination is Hitler's policy, and one which the British Government have condemned. It seems, therefore, ironical to have to point out to a British Secretary of State that this is the policy which his predecessors have approved and which he is now expected to sanction. We would not attempt to insult your Lordship by proceeding to argue the general case against racial discrimination, though in view of the record of the Dominions Office the temptation to do so is strong. We need only draw your attention to special points which arise in this case:

(*a*) The issue is confused by suggesting that this Act puts into force a policy of segregation. The word segregation implies the existence of two separate self-contained communities, and many people of goodwill are tempted to believe that this would be a desirable solution of racial problems. But your Lordship should be clear that there is no intention to have two self-contained communities in Southern Rhodesia. In 1936 there were 137,000 Africans on land in the European area, nearly two-and-a-half as many as the European population of the entire colony. There is no intention that this 137,000 should leave the European area—if they did the whole European economy would collapse, for they are needed as a labour force. What the policy means, simply, is that black men are required as labourers, but are not to be allowed to own land. They are to be condemned for ever to the status of a landless proletariat, carrying on their backs a small community of white persons living off the produce of their labour. We understand that this is Hitler's plan for the countries he has conquered in Europe. You are asked to sanction its application to the natives of Southern Rhodesia.

(*b*) Your Lordship's letter quotes the Morris Carter Commission as concluding that this policy "was favoured by an overwhelming majority of the classes concerned in Southern Rhodesia, both European and native." We have no doubt that it was favoured by the European community. As for the Africans, they were attracted by the proposal that some land should be set aside exclusively for native occupation. Your Lordship will not be duped into believing that Africans in Southern Rhodesia welcome being forced to be landless labourers in more than 50 per cent. of their territory.

(*c*) The white minority of less than 5 per cent. has reserved to itself more than 50 per cent. of the land, and taken the best and most accessible areas. One would at least expect to find that they were able to make good use of it. On the contrary, the record shows that white agriculture in Southern Rhodesia is a failure, propped up by subsidies of one kind or another. Not only is white agriculture a failure, but from fear of the competition of native agriculture, the Maize Control Board is required to pay a lower price to natives than to white farmers for grain of the same qualities and quantities. It is these parasites who are asking you to sanction their retaining exclusive rights to 50 per cent. of the land.

The second question for your Lordship to answer concerns the size of the areas set aside for Europeans and Africans respectively. Suppose that your Lordship were persuaded to acquiesce in this outrage against human decency, it would still remain to decide how the land was to be divided. What case is there for reserving a further 16,000,000 acres (one-sixth of the total area of the country) for this one-twentieth of the population which has already proved itself incapable of managing the 33,000,000 acres already alienated to it? Sixteen million acres of the best land in the country is to be reserved in case it should be required by 55,000 whites, while 1,100,000 blacks are to be crowded into inferior reserves? Even if the policy of perpetual proletarianism in certain areas were acceptable, your Lordship would have to admit that the present division is preposterous. Even if your Lordship felt bound to accept the *fait accompli* of 1930, there could be no excuse for sanctioning the clause of the present Act which, according to your Lordship's letter, confines its revision of the native area to an acreage of a mere 378,000 acres.

Reading between the lines of your Lordship's letter it appears that an attempt is being made to persuade your Lordship that since this Act adds no new principle to the Act of 1930 you would be justified in escaping your responsibility towards the natives of the Territory by throwing the blame for the whole affair on your Lordship's predecessors. It is so easy to say: "This was all settled in 1930: I can't do anything now." Fortunately, we know your Lordship to be a man of different calibre. Your predecessors in the Dominions Office may have lacked the backbone to stand up to the small gang of white settlers who dominate the Territory. Now that this new Act has reopened the matter, the question for your Lordship to decide is whether you, too, will allow your name to be associated with this despicable course. It takes courage to stand against the tide, but that is a courage which your Lordship has never lacked. With the rest of the democratic world we have watched with admiration, respect and gratitude the stand taken by your Lordship against the appeasement of rogues, in the days when the foreign policy of this country made honest men hang their heads for shame. Your Lordship did not permit his hands to be soiled in Europe, and will not, we feel confident, let them now be soiled in Africa. The tragedy of the British Empire is the way so many men, liberal and honest in their conduct of affairs in Europe, have become petty and despicable when given power over African peoples. As Dominions Secretary the easiest course for your Lordship would be to abandon the unrepresented natives of Southern Rhodesia to the clamour of their influential white masters. We know that in this your Lordship can be trusted to lift the standards of the Dominions Office to a level which your predecessors have not had the courage to attain.

Harold A. Moody,
Founder and President

The reply, signed by a Colonial Office official, says that "no useful purpose would be served" by discussing the principles involved. It appealed to the Morris-Carter Commission and to Lord Hailey's African Survey to support the view that the policy was just and generous. The League of Coloured Peoples replied denying that the African Survey bore this construction, and quoted the report of the Bledisloe Commission, which says in civil officialese that the Rhodesias and Nyasaland should not be amalgamated, because Southern Rhodesia, with its anti-native policy, would dominate the three.

PIGS, WORMS AND INFLUENZA

"Life," says Sir Charles Sherrington in his book *Man on his Nature*, "conflicts with life, even to the death. Life feeds on life. Man's own life feeds upon other lives." Life is, he thinks, "an affair of certain self-fermenting proteins catalysing their own growth," which has attached to it, in many instances, "recognisably finite mind." . . . He discusses whether life is a sacred thing, and readers of his stimulating book, with its astonishing record of the width and depth of modern biological knowledge, must decide for themselves whether he answers this question satisfactorily or not—whether, indeed, anyone will ever be able to answer it to the satisfaction of the human mind. Nothing is so easy, in certain moods, as to contemplate the incessant battle of life with life, the destruction of beauty by beauty, the transience of the so-called truth, and to draw the conclusion that death and treachery and destruction are the only realities, with Nature as the mocking god ironically contemplating the holocaust. Sherrington propounds a noble creed which is the opposite of this, a creed which demands of those who hold it a depth of sacrifice and a strength of mind that are rare even in these days of blitz and sudden death. There is heroism in his conception of a Natural Religion which counsels man not to lean upon a higher mind and personality than his own but to seek the elusive truth at any cost and to shoulder alone the consequences of that isolating resolution.

Nor need we think that, because the ripe experience of a great biologist informs us that life is its own direct enemy, he is not aware that living things co-operate to their mutual benefit. Disease—and especially the continual study of it—may cause us now and then to wonder how any animal or plant can manage to survive; but disease can also show us that its causes are living things like ourselves, and that, if they kill beloved personalities, they also, like other living things, are forced by the laws of the world to work together and with their victims, whose lives are by no means always sacrificed. In this, as in everything else, we have to beware of our unconscious tendency to assume that the world was made for man's especial benefit and dominance.

It might be said, for example, that influenza is wholly antagonistic to human life, a wholly ugly and futile fact in our universe, the cause of which we should ferret out and exterminate. Granted that it would benefit man to exterminate the causes of influenza, is it true that this disease is wholly ugly and without a purpose in the universe? Is there no saving grace or beauty in this curse of our civilised lives? The answer depends, as the undergraduate disputants are so fond of saying, on the meaning of the terms you use. Certainly one can read whole libraries of books about grace and beauty and, in the end, be little the wiser about the meaning of these pregnant words. It is better to look at the facts—to look, for example, at influenza in the light of pigs and parasitic worms and worms that live in our garden soil.

Pigs, most people would say, are poles apart from such scourges as influenza. An earthworm is a curious, even a passably beautiful beast; it performs romantic labours which make our victory diggers, marvellous though they are, rather inferior. Parasitic worms, if you have never been told that they are parasitic, are equally beautiful to the eye, and they show us adaptations to their ways of living as beautiful as any that are known to the experience of man. Even the influenza virus fits beautifully into a biological design which can satisfy the human craving for abstract beauty as fully as any mathematical conception can. Co-operation? Where does that come in? There are few better examples of co-operation in nature than the mutual benefit society of the pig, the earthworm and the parasitic worm that lives in the lungs of the pig.

This latter worm, which causes in pigs the disease called husk, or hoose, lays eggs from which small embryos emerge to live in the soil. These embryos, destined to infest the lungs of other pigs, cannot do so unless they are first eaten by earthworms, inside whose bodies they must grow and moult and grow again. When the pig goes snifting and snooting about its piggery, it eats the earthworms, digests their bodies but not the lungworm embryos, which are set free in the intestinal canal of the pig. From there they pass, by way of the blood vessels, to the pig's liver and finally to the lungs, where they grow up and presently lay more eggs. These eggs are produced in such large numbers that it does not matter if large numbers of them die, or if large numbers of the embryos hatching out of them are killed or fail to find an earthworm, or for other reasons do not get back into the pig again.

Thus pigs and their lungworms and earthworms all co-operate. It does not help the lungworm to kill the pig; and if you want an endless and probably insoluble problem for discussion, you can try to decide whether the pig or the earthworm or the lungworm is the more important element in this elaborate design. Influenza complicates your problem a great deal more. For pigs, like ferrets and probably other animals, have their influenza. It is not impossible, though it has not yet been proved, that the pig influenza is transmissible to man. But Shope, in America, claims that the virus of pig influenza can be found, not only in the lungworms of the pig, but also in the earthworms in which the lungworm embryos must pass a part of their lives before they can infest the pig.

Thus pigs, if they would lessen their sufferings from 'flu, should avoid eating earthworms. Whether earthworms have their own brand of influenza we do not yet know. But co-operation between 'flu and earthworms and lungworms and pigs exists in this elaborate and beautiful form, beautiful if you can view it with the biologist's dispassionate mind. Life feeds on life? Yes, with a vengeance sometimes. But life co-operates with life as well. If you look at life through the protoplasm and difficulties of the influenza virus, it does not offer you intelligent choice; it does not offer you beauty or truth or the moral issue; it appears to be non-moral and largely subject to chemistry; but are we men so sure that we make of our own lives more intelligent, purposeful, moral and beautiful patterns in the scheme of things?

G. Lapage

FORECAST

The time had come (I don't know when) for England to Take Its Clothes Off. No-Hat week, and No-Boots week had come and gone: now we knew that the Great Sacrifice must be made. It was no use trifling with socks, garters, shirts and what-not. Russia needed our clothes. "Let us cast aside," the Prime Minister had said, "these appurtenances of a decaying and decrepit era, these fal-lals and rags with which we have concealed the human body, nay, the British body, strong and muscular, which will never know defeat." The Minister of Home Security, after reading the new Bill providing for the issue of two pairs of Government-approved rubberette loincloths to all persons of proved British nationality, had launched the slogan "Go without them!" The Archbishop of Canterbury, in a sermon broadcast by the B.B.C. (Home and Empire wave-lengths) had quoted Matthew VI 28: "Why take ye thought for raiment?" John Gordon had swept the country with his brilliant article, "Back to the Woad!" and Godfrey Winn, with his touching allusions to the beauty of the R.A.F. in linen drawers, had brought a response from every scullery. It was (once again) England's finest hour.

No-Clothes week opened (as usual) with a broadcast (on Sunday evening) by the Lord Privy Seal. I shall quote only one or two of his historic phrases. "England . . . has no need of clothes. I have Lord Corder's authority for saying so. We shall be . . . a healthier, happier, stronger nation without them. We shall free ourselves for ever from the thrall of the stud and stay . . . a magnificent race . . . weather . . . muscles . . . Victory!" Some passages, it was understood, were cut by the B.B.C.

There could be no doubt of the response. From John-o'-Groats to Land's End clothes were thrown off, hurled off, and, it must be confessed, dragged off. Delirious scenes were witnessed in Trafalgar Square, where the great No Clothes Rally was held on Monday morning. The public, relieved of the last pretence of civilisation, went mad with joy. A fat stockbroker, failing to adjust his rubberette loincloth on the stroke of eleven, had an epileptic fit in one of the fountains. Not a woman fainted.

England had given all. She was (to quote the Prime Minister once again) "stripped to meet barbarism." Tailors' bills and milliners' accounts had gone with the wind. The wind, however, was East and chilly, and some fool (probably an American) in Trafalgar Square asked, "What's it all *for?*" Although (naturally) he was immediately lynched, the damning whisper spread. There was marked disagreement when the Cabinet met to consider the reply which should be given. The Minister of Health suggested "Health," the Minister of Security "Security," the Minister of Supply, "Supply," and the Minister of Information (rather mischievously) "Information." The Cabinet, after five hours, decided upon the words "For the public interest"—which might, as Cassandra pointed out next day, be wrongly construed.

It is hardly necessary to add that the whole supply of British clothing was sold at top-notch prices in the Black Market.

Laurence Fiddlestick

LIVING IN THE PAST

I do not know when the fashion began of asking people in what period of history they would like best to have lived, or at what historic scene they would like best to have been present, or what historical character they would like most to have known. I can remember no earlier posing of such questions than is to be found in one of Hazlitt's essays; but, no doubt, long before that was written, men were day-dreaming of a past existence spent in the company of Socrates, or the Emperor Hadrian, or Louis the Something-or-Other, or Shakespeare in the Mermaid Tavern. When we read history or the biographies of great men, there are occasions on which we feel that they lived in a world nearer to the Golden Age than our own. Hence, when the question was put to the Brains Trust on Sunday—"At what historical event would you most liked to have been present?"—the imaginations of many listeners were probably stirred with ancient longings.

The question and answer are, of course, only part of a game. Few living people would willingly have been born into any Age but our own. We like to visit other Ages with our imaginations, but, if we were offered the choice between spending the rest of our days in one of them and continuing to live in the couponed world of 1941, most of us, I am sure, would vote for 1941. Our associations are here, and we know that we should be mere ghosts and intruders if we were transported into one of the belauded epochs of the past. Professor Joad declared that he would liked to have been present at the death of Socrates and the discussion on the immortality of the soul that preceded it, but I confess—and I think that the vast majority of the inhabitants of these islands are on my side in this matter—I would rather spend an evening at the Parrot. I cannot believe that life was ever quite so good as Plato: I say this, knowing very little about life and even less about Plato. For one thing, I should not like to have been present when, in his last hours, Socrates ordered his weeping wife to be removed from his presence. I have always sympathised with Xanthippe, who must often have been tortured beyond endurance when he practised his irony and dialectic on her, and, returning home late, set out to prove to her that truth, justice, courage and good cookery were all fundamentally the same thing. As we read Plato, we pass hurriedly over the dismissal of Xanthippe, one of the most faithful wives in history, who, because she occasionally reminded a great philosopher of his domestic duties, has come down to us with the unjust reputation of a shrew. If we had been present when the incident occurred, however, we should have had a sense of having been spectators of a most painful scene. And our vision of the noblest death in secular history would have been by so much marred.

I cannot think, indeed, of any great historical moment which I would not rather read about than have witnessed. Professor Huxley seems to have a fancy for the storming of the Bastille, but, from what I have seen of mobs, I would like to have been present at the storming of the

Bastille even less than I should like to get in the way of a pack of Scottish forwards charging down the field in an international Rugby match. There is a lot to be said for sitting in the stands, and the historians provide us with excellent seats in the stands from which to look on at great events. Do not think, however, that our hearts are not stirred by what we see. The participant's heart is nobler than ours, but the spectator's heart, too, has its elations. An ex-international football player once told me that he felt much more excited looking on at a match between England and Ireland than he used to feel when playing in one. Thermopylae and Marathon—well, I have often been there in spirit; but I do not think I have ever wished to be there in body. I doubt whether people who are present at historic events in the body see them from the same broad imaginative point of view of those who have been present at them only in the spirit. Did any of the soldiers, for example, who took part in the Charge of the Light Brigade feel the same emotion as the absent Tennyson felt when he wrote about it? Their emotion may have been more heroic, but to me at least, who have always preferred pugnacity by proxy to pugnacity *per se*, it seems less enviable. I can enter into the spirit of the Irish poet, Thomas Davis's, heroic lines:

> Oh, for a steed, and a rushing steed,
> And any good cause at all

but, even while my pulse beats faster, I am glad not to be on the rushing steed myself. I feel that, if I were, I should undoubtedly fall off.

This, it may be thought, is due to the fact that temperamentally, I am not a man of action, but a man of inaction. The man of inaction knows in his heart that, if he were present at a great event, he would be as much in the way as a dog on a cricket field. Hence he develops the mood of the looker-on and prefers to watch the violent drama of life from a sitting position, such as may be attained behind the rails of a sports ground or while reading a book. He would rather see Larwood bowling than be bowled at by Larwood. He would rather read about Horatius Cocees keeping the bridge than assist Horatius in keeping it. I am sure that, if I had been with Horatius on that great occasion, he would have said to me: "For the love of Jupiter, Y., clear out. You're only getting in the way and making me nervous." And I should have been glad to clear out and so miss one of the most heroic exploits in history.

But I do not envy people who were present even at famous scenes in the past which were disturbed by no physical violence. I doubt whether it would have been so good to see Sir Walter Raleigh spreading his cloak for Queen Elizabeth as it is to read about the incident. I am not jealous of those who were in the House of Commons when Burke threw his dagger on the floor or when Disraeli made a fiasco of his maiden speech. Nothing that I have ever read or known convinces me that I should have been happier if I had been born before 1879. Happy, I admit: one could have been happy in any fairly peaceful age: but not happier. To know Shakespeare would have been good; but should I have known how good, if I had dropped in at the Mermaid some night and met him: might I not have had all kinds of prejudices against him as a contemporary author? That is one good reason for occasionally reading the classics. There for the moment we live in a static Heaven where men of genius are not men like ourselves but gods. There are people who think they would like to have met Dr. Johnson. Here, again, I am content to have met a great man only in a book and as, so to speak, a member of posterity. I would rather that all the Johnson circle were living to-day—Boswell, Goldsmith, Burke, Gibbon and the rest of them—than that I were living with them and listening to them in the club in the eighteenth century. A good many people who love Johnson in a book would, I suspect, have been critical of him in the flesh. I myself might have been repelled by his politics as I once was by Kipling's. Political antipathies vanish, however, when a great man is in the grave. A good many of the opinions of the dead seem venial nonsense, and, if we love the man, we cannot feel a quasi-contemporary hatred of his creed.

There are all sorts of reasons, however, for being glad that we have not lived before, whether in the Age of Aristophanes or in that of Joan of Arc or in that of Charles Lamb. The chief reason is that we like the people we have met better than any of the people whom we read about as the inhabitants of a previous Age. Most of us have known men whom we would rather talk to than to Dr. Johnson. To go back into the past and mingle with dead men with famous names is like going to a Mansion House banquet instead of to a party of friends. I prefer my friends, some of whom, I prophesy, will in their turn become dead men with famous names. And, while in their company, I never feel sorry that one of them is not Aeschylus or Marcus Aurelius or Thomas Aquinas or Malthus.

The only time I wished lately that I had been born a year or two earlier was when I was reading some books by "Pitcher" Binstead in which he described the pre-Wodehousian world of London in the 'nineties. One sentence in particular made me wish to have been for a moment one of the company it describes: "He was the finest type of Englishman, stood six foot two in his socks, and feared nothing except closing time." As I read this sentence, I could not help almost wishing to have been born early enough to have seen the "Pitcher" and Phil May crowd making fools of themselves in London. I disapprove of them, of course: who wouldn't? But I think I should have enjoyed an evening with them more even than an evening with Wordsworth. Still, all is for the best. If I had met them, I doubt whether I should be alive in November, 1941. Y. Y.

THE MOVIES

"The Feminine Touch" and "The Common Touch," at the Empire.
"Our Wife," at the Regal
"It Started With Eve," at Leicester Square.
"Hatter's Castle," at the Plaza.

There was once a film that began with a cricket match. It was end of term. All the chaps and the paters were there. Young Henderson knocked a century, his last for the Old School; and afterwards, in the pavilion, among doughnuts and tea, the school servant was giving his advice to those leaving: "In the game of life, zur . . . playing fields . . . tricky wicket . . . a straight bat . . . keep your eye on the ball . . . look out for that there slow spinner. . . ."

Many months pass. Life has brought inheritence, the directors' board-room and the night club. But the scene is a tenement area off Long Acre, where the workmen never, never miss their lunch-time game of cricket. Who is this, with cloth cap and choker, hitting six after six down the alleys? Young Henderson, surely! Who is that, with the assumed Cockney accent and the overarm action? His chum from Wellingborough playing fields. And then he is caught in the deep: the unshaven lawyer, fallen on bad days, who makes the catch, has had an old school, too. This is the game of life, and thanks to the principles of cricket, Henderson and Co. are investigating their slum property, discovering "the common touch," as a prelude to social reform.

The Common Touch. The above glimpses aren't invented, or remembered from the dawn of English films, but come straight from the screen at the Empire. This film, which looks as though it had been dreamed by district visitors, with "old man" dialogue written in by Nathaniel Gubbins, is the work of John Baxter, who directed *Love on the Dole.* It may seem incredible that anyone who could bring off the earlier film should have followed it up with the tear-drip of *The Common Touch;* but there it is, as phoney a charade of rich and poor, City deals and cricketing ideals, as you can imagine.

The programme at the Empire is retrieved by an American production called *The Feminine Touch,* with a theme that never fails. Rosalind Russell, Kay Francis, Don Ameche and Van Heflin form a matrimonial quorum, set going by the fact that one of them is a husband who does not believe in jealousy. It is shamelessly capitalist, quite artificial and at times extremely funny. It begins, by the way, with a parody of the football-first attitude in American universities and I can't imagine that it would have been a better film if leather had been given a halo and Miss Russell had been moved to go slumming in Harlem. In the same category, *Our Wife,* with Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Hussey and Ellen Drew, slightly misfires.

Good acting, as opposed to being successfully oneself, distinguishes the two heftiest films of this batch. *It Started With Eve,* though American in origin, is Charles Laughton: Laughton in a part built up like a howdah, toppling and munificent beyond words, with the old elephant shuffling along underneath. We see him as a rich septuagenarian on his death-bed, rolling his eyes, raging in a whisper against doctors, plotting to get hold of a cigar; and the appearance of a pretty daughter-in-law (Deanna Durbin) pulls him out of bed in his nightshirt and starts him on a new lease of years. It's a wonderful performance, fitter perhaps for Molière than for an atmosphere of Hawtrey farce, but acting on this scale makes its own surroundings. The complications and misunderstandings are just credible enough to give elbow room to the central figure. Miss Durbin flits very sweetly round the old pachyderm and is given, for once, a good song or two to trill; and the threat of a grand party when she will meet Stokowski never, thank goodness, materialises.

Robert Newton's performance as Brodie in *Hatter's Castle,* though not as enormous as Laughton's, is still acting of a high order. He has a way with him as everyone who saw his bruiser in *Major Barbara* would expect. There are few subtleties in his portrayal of a local tyrant, he goes as far as the book and no further. The period ("Mr. Gladstone has put a penny on the income tax"), the picturesque Scots town, the violence beginning with Victorian tyrannies and culminating in the Tay Bridge disaster, all provide the distance that lends enchantment to melodrama. There are moments when one might expect Mr. W. C. Fields to pop his head out from a neighbouring cottage to utter his famous "It's a night fit for neither man nor beast," yet the thrills and characters hold firm. Newton does much towards ensuring the film's success: the way he looks and holds his head, the swaggering snarl, the knobbed cane, the hands thrust deep into pockets, ruthlessly compel attention. Good acting by Deborah Kerr makes the part of Brodie's daughter not only sympathetic, but individual.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Early Victorian Pictures at the Leicester Galleries.
Civil Defence Artists at the Cooling Galleries.

Furniture in the Regency and Early Victorian styles has been tastefully arranged in the Leicester Galleries, as if to indicate that the paintings deserve attention less for their aesthetic value than for their period character. The exhibition is agreeable, amusing and instructive. One can watch the steady deterioration of taste, and note that the semi-amateur preserved the traditional virtues better than the successful professionals. A retrospective show of Landseer, for instance, would reveal a painter of uncommon gifts dwindling into the most vulgar of practitioners by following the taste of his time.. In France, where the public was little, if at all, more fastidious, the best artists had the courage and conviction to continue painting well. Why none of their English colleagues did so remains a mystery. The most pleasing works at the Leicester Galleries were by the two Chalons, by Ferneley, by Richmond and by some obscure journeymen. The worst are by Martineau and Simeon Solomon. Augustus Egg surprises us with a charming sketch. The exhibition can be treated as a cautionary tale, but it must also give quiet enjoyment to all interested in Victorian literature and social history.

The second exhibition of the Civil Defence Artists is livelier and even more varied than the first. It includes work that would look well in a mixed exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, portraits that would catch the eye in Burlington House, and pictures by "Sunday painters" in which an unsophisticated eye is served by a natural sense of design. Among the most enjoyable exhibits are those by Dodie Masterman, Eleanor Barton, Denis Mathews, B. Behrend, R. M. Denison, L. Petley Jones, W. S. Haines, Vera Cuningham, Jack Low and Leonard Rosoman.

Correspondence

18B

SIR,—Lord Atkin's judgment in the *Liverscidge* case has perhaps not unnaturally met with much sympathy, but one wonders whether those who are advocating an amendment of regulation 18B have thought of the following considerations.

As the regulation stands at present it is necessary for the Home Secretary before detaining anyone to have reasonable cause to believe (1) certain facts, e.g., that he is of hostile origin, or associations, or that he has been recently concerned in acts prejudicial to the public safety, or that he has been a member of a certain organisation or active on its behalf, and (2) that it is necessary to exercise control over him. The facts (hostile origin, etc.) are not sufficient by themselves: there are, for instance, a number of people of hostile origin and ex-members of British Union whom the Home Secretary has not thought it necessary to detain.

If the law were amended so as to permit a detenu to bring to the Courts the issue whether the Home Secretary had rightly determined the question of fact mentioned above but not the question of the necessity for exercising control, it seems very doubtful whether the detenu would be in a much better position. For the questions of fact are not usually much in doubt: the question on which there may be room for differences of opinion is whether in the interests of security it is necessary to detain the man.

If, however, the law were amended so as to permit a detenu to bring to the Courts the issue as to whether the Home Secretary had rightly determined the question whether detention was necessary (which is apparently what is advocated by many persons), would it really work? Surely a decision on a matter such as this is and must remain an administrative decision taking account both of general considerations of security and of the current political situation including at times our relations with foreign powers. Is a judge, trained to weigh evidence and to determine questions of law and fact, a better person to make such a decision than a Minister used to exercising his discretion on administrative matters and answerable to Parliament for all his actions?

It would not seem that there is any similarity between questions which the Courts have hitherto had to determine and administrative questions of this character: the various types of judicial discretion which are exercised by the Courts, e.g., in relation to the custody of children, trustees' powers, the length of sentence, are not at all analagous to that involved in determining whether or not a person should be detained or whether the Home Secretary had reasonable cause to believe that he should be detained. It might be suggested that there is a *via media* and that the judge should determine only whether there was a *prima facie* case for detention and not whether he himself would have ordered detention. On analysis, however, this distinction proves I think to be a distinction without a difference.

I wonder how a Court would decide whether it was or is necessary to detain Mosley or even whether the Home Secretary had reasonable cause to believe it was necessary so to do. There is no doubt about the only material question of fact, i.e., about his having been a member of British Union; but what about the crucial question of the necessity for control? Some persons see more danger in a Fascist party than others: on what considerations would a Court base its decision on such a matter? One cannot be absolutely *certain* that anything disastrous would have happened if Mosley had not been detained; one cannot prove in the judicial sense that the Home Secretary was right or wrong or even reasonable in believing that he should be detained.

Finally, how could the Home Secretary be held responsible for security (as he must be) and assure Parliament that there are no "fifth columnists" at large (as he is constantly asked to do) if he may wake up one morning and find that a Court has let out a man whom he thinks it vital to detain? Mistakes have undoubtedly been made in the administration of 18B, but the remedy for these is surely a more searching parliamentary scrutiny of the Home Secretary's actions and also perhaps a greater disclosure by him in the House of the grounds for detention rather than the institution of judicial review which would cast on the Courts the duty of deciding questions of a type so different from those which it has been their business hitherto to decide. These questions they could not decide without certainly confusing the issue of the Home Secretary's responsibility for security and possibly being themselved dragged into the political arena.

REALIST

RETRIBUTION

SIR,—In reply to "Norwegian's" alarming letter: There are only two possible reasons for punishment. First to deter the offender from repeating and others from committing the offence. Secondly, to serve as a means of self-expression for tyrants.

Applied to Hitlerite Germany, there is no reason for deterent punishment if we create, as we intend to do, a European Order in which aggression will be neither desirable, useful nor possible. The bankruptcy of the policy of purely retributive punishment was shown after the last war when the economic punishment of Germany served no useful purpose and evidently did not deter! We are in fact committed by the Atlantic Charter to an exactly opposite policy. Nor do I believe that, released from Nazi domination, the more intelligent sections of the now oppressed peoples will desire retribution. At the height of the bombing of our cities last winter a Mass Observation Survey on the question of retributive bombing of German civilians showed that it was the inhabitants of the most heavily raided areas who least desired such retribution.

DAVID LAWSON

ALLIES

SIR,—The case of refugees who are technically enemy aliens has not been raised by Mr. Silverman in his article on the conscription of aliens. By reason of their history, sentiment and religion the vast majority of Jewish refugees know that their future fate is intimately bound up with a British victory, and are thus Allies in all but technical status. They, too, realise as Mr. Koestler has pointed out, that their only hope to live as equal citizens and not as universal scapegoats, will be the "climate" that will prevail after a total Allied victory.

The same argument which Mr. Ruziewicz quoted in favour of an Act enabling those wishing to fight in the British Army to receive British Nationality after the war, applies to the Jewish refugees, most of whom never wish to return to Germany, where the bloodiest and most vicious chapter has and is being added to the long history of their suffering. It is only logical that the Jews who were the first victims of organised German terrorism, on whom in fact the tactics for the mass persecution of a whole people were developed, should be allowed to fight in H.M. Forces with the additional stimulus and self-respect that arises out of the knowledge of being an Ally.

P. H.

FUTURE OF AGRICULTURE

SIR,—I agree with Mr. Owen that agriculture can play an important part in post-war reconstruction by providing a higher standard of living for a much greater number of people. But there is no reason why the increase should be mainly of "peasant proprietors and smallholders of from 10 to 50 acres." There is room for expansion of all types of holdings, from the 2 or 3 acre intensive garden, to the 1,000 acre mechanised farm. Estates with adequate capital and run efficiently have shown that much higher wages can be paid to more workers than were formerly employed on the same land, and at the same time the costs of production can be reduced.

Our soil and climate are admirably suited to the production of high value foods such as milk products, eggs, meat, fruit and fresh vegetables. Transport and marketing costs should be less than for the foreign competitor, so why don't we produce all we need of these commodities on our own land? I think there are three main reasons: (*a*) A bad system of land tenure, which takes away working capital through rising value of the land, and so increasing rents. (*b*) Widespread inefficiency, due partly to lack of capital and partly to poor education. (*c*) Bad methods of marketing and monopolies on the distributing and manufacturing side of the food industry, causing too big a gap between the price paid by the consumer and the price received by the primary producer.

The first reason is by far the most important, because no lasting expansion can be made unless the system of land tenure is changed. Any increase in profitability for the farmer, whether obtained through improved methods, subsidies or better marketing, will lead sooner or later to increased prices and rents being paid. The costs of production are therefore raised and the farmer is no better off than before.

Nationalisation of the land would stop this vicious spiral, and now that many leaders in agriculture think some step in this direction is necessary, it does seem to be coming within the bounds of practical politics. There is the danger that the State will pay too high a price for the land and the producer will be saddled with high annual charges. However, once this step is taken the State can provide capital for improvements without the danger that it will be taken by the owners of the land, and it should be possible to gradually write off the initial purchase price of the land.

We can now go right ahead with plans to improve methods of production and distribution. The large estates can then either be divided up for small farmers to work in some form of co-operative system, or rearranged for large scale mechanisation. Those already engaged in agriculture must be helped, with capital, much greater facilities for obtaining scientific advice, and improved methods of marketing.

DAVID THOMAS

MEDICAL EDUCATION

SIR,—Probably all those who interest themselves in problems of medical education will agree with the sentiments expressed by Professor Wood Jones in the opening paragraphs of his letter in your current issue. But I think that the remedy for the wrong orientation of the anatomical curriculum which may exist in some schools does not altogether lie in the direction which he suggests.

In the first place, such committees on which I myself have served for election to Professorial Chairs in Anatomy have by no means ignored the teaching ability of the candidates. Indeed, this is always taken strongly into account. At the same time, the capacity for really original research is also regarded as an extremely valuable quality, since upon this depends the ability of the teacher to cultivate in his pupils a critical mental attitude and a real intellectual appreciation of his subject. In reference to Professor Wood Jones's remarks, it is interesting to record that, in my student days, I found that the inspiring teachers were just those who were most active in research. The others were sometimes quite good at the kind of hack teaching which is useful for pushing the reluctant type of student through his elementary examinations, but they aroused little interest among the keener students. I believe that many of my colleagues have had the same experience in their student days.

As regards Professor Wood Jones's second point, I feel bound to say that it has been my privilege from time to time to collaborate with a number of external examiners, and I have always found that they are quite ready to adapt their method of examining to the particular type of teaching employed in the school which they are visiting. In Oxford, for example, we are developing a curriculum which concentrates rather more on general principles of structural organisation and which lays a good deal less stress on the memorisation of topographical minutiæ than is perhaps deemed desirable in some other schools. But there has never been any difficulty in gaining the full collaboration of the external examiner in the construction of a type of examination to suit this point of view.

I suggest that it is not altogether the system of examination which requires to be altered; it is largely the type of examination question which demands attention. And here the anatomists have the matter entirely in their own hands (at least in University examinations). So long as anatomists continue to set stock questions which demand merely the regurgitation of topographical minutiæ, so long will the student be compelled to clog his memory with them. The type of examination question ultimately controls the curriculum, for both teacher and student, and it is for those anatomists who are appointed examiners to pay attention to this quite fundamental point.

W. E. LE GROS CLARK

Department of Human Anatomy,
University Museum, Oxford.

CAT AND MOUSE

SIR,—We are glad that "Critic" has drawn attention to the fact that over 500 conscientious objectors are now in prison for their beliefs. His comment, however, omits one of the worst features of the position. The great majority are there for refusal to submit to medical examination, which they regard as the first step towards the military service which their consciences forbid them to perform. At the end of October there were some 470 men in prison for this reason; of these we had information of 335 serving six months' imprisonment or more, including 119 serving the maximum Police Court sentence of 12 months.

On release these C.O.'s are liable to repeated sentences if they maintain their attitude. In the House of Lords on April 8th last Lord Snell stated that "the Government cannot . . . deny themselves the use of these powers if the individual insists on repeating over and over again what the Government think is an offence." In other words, the "cat and mouse" procedure is threatened over again.

As a safeguard against this the National Service (Armed Forces) Act, 1939, had provided for reconsideration by the Appellate Tribunal of the cases of conscientious objectors rejected by the tribunals who had been sentenced by court-martial to three months' or more imprisonment for military offences when conscripted to the Forces. In such cases the Appellate Tribunal can secure their discharge, and this has occurred in over a hundred cases.

Yet those serving similar or much longer sentences from civil courts have no such right to have their cases reconsidered. Their genuineness is even more apparent, since they have taken an earlier opportunity of making their stand under conditions which deprive them of the rights accorded to those sentenced by court-martial at a later stage.

The immediate need is for the Minister of Labour to extend the safeguard against "cat and mouse" treatment to those claiming conscientious objection and sentenced by civil courts.

NANCY BROWNE, Secretary,
Central Board for Conscientious Objectors.

DEMOCRATS AND CATHOLICS

SIR,—Mr. Sidney Dark has apparently not come across "People and Freedom," the monthly organ of a small group of Roman Catholic democrats on the lines of the Encyclical of Leo XIII, *Rerum Novarum*. The "Sword of the Spirit," which is doing admirable work, religious and patriotic, would certainly deny any claim to be either political or democratic, whereas the People and Freedom Group claims emphatically to be both one and the other.

V. M. CRAWFORD,
The People and Freedom Group. Chairman
35 Campden Street, W.8.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

SIR,—Our experience in this evacuated nursery school has been the exact opposite of that described by your correspondent Marguerite Dobbie.

I used to think that, for a small child, even a bad home was better than none. Our experience here has shown that where home conditions are unsatisfactory the benefit to the child of being removed from them can be very great.

In a good home the child gets plenty of love, a feeling of security, proper physical care, and, above all, the companionship of adults who are deeply interested in him as a person. In a bad home he gets none of these things. I am convinced now that, given the right conditions, a residential school can provide them all, at least well enough to be no bad substitute for a good home, and much, much better than a bad one.

What the right conditions are it would take too long to discuss, but they will include the provision of a staff of adults who do not find it difficult to give a great deal of "personal love" to the children. This, as your correspondent surmises, is their greatest need. Without it their minds never really "come alive," so that the most up-to-date educational methods are wasted, and one gets the kind of children of whom it can only be said doubtfully that "they look healthy enough."

No one who saw the recent exhibition of paintings done by children in an evacuated nursery school could think that these children were in any way backward in their development. The fact is that in this, and, I am sure, many other nursery schools, the progress made by the children has far exceeded both our expectations and the standard which we were able to achieve when they returned every evening to their own, often unsatisfactory, homes.

I believe now that a child will thrive best in whatever environment, home or school, is best able to supply the care and opportunities that he needs for his successful development. He will find them most naturally, and in the best possible way, in a good home. Their provision in an institution is a more complex problem, calling for a good deal of specialist knowledge, and a willingness on the part of those engaged in the work to share a great part of their lives with the children.

But it can be done. PHYLLIS MAURICE
Kensal House Nursery School,
West Wratting Park, Cambs.

BILLETING

SIR,—The approaching long periods of darkness are again upon us, only to find that no provision has been provided to deal with an urgent and important matter which can arrive at any moment; that is, evacuation after large towns have been "blitzed." I write as one who has had large and varied experience as a Billeting Officer. One who could record astounding conditions coupled with factors which are appalling.

I am amazed at the lethargy and inability shown by the Ministry of Health to cope with the situation. Local Reception Authorities have foisted on them a general cross section of the public who have evacuated from bombed areas. They are usually herded together at a rest centre; there they are fed and housed until arrangements can be made for reception areas to absorb them.

Finally they are passed on to the town or village Billeting Officers, a sorely tried but willing band. It is his or her duty to find accommodation to the best of his ability. He is faced with variation beyond comprehension. The families, some large, some small, some thankful and cheerful, some truculent and obstinate, some very clean, some very dirty, some well dressed and well shod, some with hardly any clothing and badly shod. He does, with amazing dexterity, fit most of the people in, but he has the ever-present spectacle of the unbilletable. They fall into two classes:

(1) The family which is large and will not be separated.

(2) The more difficult and appalling portion; dirty often to excess, lousy, etc., who cannot with any stretch of imagination be billeted on anyone, or in any house.

The Billeting Officer must say or think: "Would I have this type in my own home?" The answer would be a definite "NO." He therefore cannot ask any other resident to take them. If he ignores his feelings he is in for trouble, a trouble he should not be asked to carry. Why should he be faced with this problem? He is human and must live in peace with his neighbours, or he will perish socially and otherwise.

The Ministry of Health should help the Reception Authorities; surely they could, if they only would. Huts are needed, decent huts. Colonies of these could be erected; if each Local Authority which is a reception area were supplied with a hundred of these with power to erect and supply water, sanitation, etc., it would bring content to many. Billeting troubles would be solved. Householders would be more willing to take evacuees, knowing as they would that they were being asked to billet only those which were desirable.

Cannot the Ministry of Health leave the past behind? Erect hut encampments. Ease the position of Reception Authorities, and assist them to overcome the terrible difficulty. A difficulty which can only be known to those who have to solve it, always bearing in mind the immediate post-war period when many evacuees will have to be housed until accommodation in the blitzed towns can be provided. H. R. FRANCIS

BRITISH RESTAURANT

SIR,—The 1941 Committee is shortly opening a much-needed British Restaurant in the City (Leadenhall Street), mainly for fire-watchers. There is still need for certain equipment which will make the running of the restaurant easier for those who are helping in the kitchen, notably an electric Frigidaire and a potato-peeling machine. We are anxious, too, that, in addition to good cheap meals, in pleasant surroundings, there should be some recreational facilities, and for this purpose we want a piano, a radiogram and some gramophone records.

If any of your readers can help by giving or lending or suggesting a source of supply of such equipment, we shall be extremely grateful.

Perhaps I may add that we were urged to undertake this project and are only too glad to do such a job of work. Any profits which may accrue will be used to further communal feeding which, as Lord Woolton has often reminded us, is essential for the war effort as well as desirable for social reasons.

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JONATHAN CAPE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THERE have been few men of whom we know more than of Lord Byron, yet he remains, like Hamlet, an enigma. He is fascinating not only as an individual, not only as the most flamboyant product of the Romantic Movement, but as the representative of an important, commonly recognisable type of human temperament. Having discovered within himself a repertory of characters or *personae*, he lived and died a victim of this variety. He is the entirely unintegrated man, whose character veers with every gust of his imagination. *Madame Bovary* shows what happens to a provincial doctor's wife if she takes Byron's ideas too seriously; and Byron's life shows what happened to a young nobleman for the same reason. The inexhaustible interest of reading about him is chiefly found, I suggest, in distinguishing the various and contradictory characters that he assumed. Everything by turns, he showed himself a dandy, a puritan, a snob, a revolutionary, a rake, a victim, a sportsman, a bounder, a schoolboy, a spoilt woman, a Philistine and an artist. One may like best the part of him that wrote *Don Juan*, but that does not prove this character to be more fundamental than the others he assumed. His letters are more consistent than his poetry or his behaviour, but most of them betray an eye cocked upon his audience. When he writes to Murray or Moore, for example, one often recognises the ostentatious and exaggerated masculinity made familiar to us by schoolday memories and gangster films. Byron, I fancy, was very seldom a conscious fraud, even his airs of injured innocence touching his wife may have had a measure of sincerity: he could deceive himself, because he was a bundle of contradictions with which he had never come to terms. In each of us countless ancestors renew their quarrels, and in men like Byron no hegemony ever is established, no peace attained. Such men deserve to excite pity rather than contempt, and curiosity rather than admiration.

Such are the notions that Mr. Quennell's new book on Byron* has set running through my head—notions, I should add, with which Mr. Quennell would probably not agree. Those who have read *Byron: The Years of Fame* will know what to expect of its successor, and they will not be disappointed. Mr. Quennell is, in my opinion, the most elegant of our younger writers. He is never under the illusion that, if an idea is just, it can afford to be presented ill-kempt and slipshod. His periods, while often elaborate, are always lucid and harmonious; he combines delicacy of taste with robustness of understanding. His book contains certain errors of detail: San Vitale at Ravenna is neither gaunt nor a basilica; Albertine de Staël married the Duc de Broglie, not the Duc de Lauzun. I doubt, moreover, the assumption (which Mr. Quennell has adopted from Mme. de Flahault, and which receives some support from Countess Albrizzi) that Byron liked Venice partly because there "he could minimise the effort of walking," and so could conceal his lameness. Venice is singularly ill-adapted to the lame: whereas anywhere else a carriage will deposit you at every door, here walking cannot be avoided, since most houses have no door upon a canal. For over a year Byron lodged in the Frezzaria, whence, I suspect, he would have had to walk some hundreds of yards to reach his gondola. It is, however, true to say that water was Byron's favourite element, and that to lovers of water Venice must be the most fascinating of all cities. Mr. Quennell throughout his book paints the background beautifully—as in this reference to the tourist who from his balcony as dawn was breaking "looked down on to the Grand Canal full of barges laden to the water's edge with peaches, grapes and melons, and observed stepping delicately from boat to boat last night's pleasure-seekers, distinguished by their masks and *tricornes*, in search of fruit to cool their palates before they retired to their morning's rest." Venice had been in the eighteenth century what Monte Carlo was in the nineteenth; and though Byron came upon its most melancholy days, deserted by the fashionable and still undiscovered by the aesthetic, a residue of frivolity survived under the Austrians who were tyrannical but lax.

Byron's Italian years can be divided into thirty months of debauchery, and six years of domesticity. After his distressing experiences with Lady Caroline and his wife, he found it a relief to set up as what he called a whoremonger. This was a form of vengeance. It seems likely, however, that he did not confine his attentions to the sex that had made him suffer. In describing an execution he witnessed at Rome, "One should," he said, "see everything once," and the same romantic appetite for experience engaged him to do everything once. Probably his affair with his half-sister began with a similar mixture of curiosity with a desire to be wicked and a desire to boast of his wickedness; then, as so often with forbidden fruit, *l'appétit est venu en mangeant*. Nobody has ever written so perceptively as Mr. Quennell about Byron's sexuality:

> Were the sexual impulse always governed by sexual motives, human relationships would present a somewhat easier study . . . Social vanity, for example, may play an exceedingly important part; and men or women who have established their own attraction tend to utilise it as a weapon against society—either as an aggressive weapon to subdue their fellows (now and then by humiliating and torturing a weaker partner) or as a means of upholding their pride and defending their self-esteem. Conversely, love may be a method of self-punishment; but here again the issues involved are far from simple; and the lover (as at times had happened to Byron) may find punishment in an acute consciousness of the harm he is doing or may create a situation in which he is bound to suffer injury, in which betrayal must succeed to confidence as night to day. Unhappy lovers are frequently lovers who seek unhappiness, suffering being the intoxicant they distil from pleasure. The physical satisfaction that the downright "sensualist" considers he aims at may be subordinate to a dozen mysterious motives, besides which the influence of desire is slight and transitory.

Whatever the chief cause of Byron's profligacy, he duly became bored with this role, and adopted that of *cavaliere servente*, according to the prevailing rules, to a lady who had short legs, who was not very clever, who lived in an arid, drearily provincial town, and who finally persuaded him not to continue with that shocking poem, *Don Juan*. Countess Guiccioli's success in retaining Byron (despite trivial infidelities) might suggest that he would have made a good husband, as husbands go; but it is more likely that the role of husband, like the role of *cicisbeo*, like every role, would after a time have fatigued him. He went to Greece largely to escape from the Guiccioli, but also to escape from life:

> More and more imperative became the claims of death. He did not run to it, however, with Shelley's eagerness—like a stream to the ocean, a child to its parent—but loitered casually, half reluctantly along the predestined path. . . .

The fancy can play with what Byron's destiny might have been, if the Missolonghi fever had not proved fatal—a return to debauchery and a premature senility? A return to England, speeches on foreign politics in the House of Lords, and Hobhouse playing a Watts-Dunton? He lacked the intellectual curiosity and, still more conspicuously, the aesthetic sensibility that except for power, best console men for the disappearance of their youth. It is therefore difficult, I think, to imagine for him a more prosperous end.

Mr. Quennell has some interesting and challenging pages about what he calls "the Romantic catastrophe"—the circumstances that prevented Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, as well as Byron, from making the most of their gifts. "Few personalities have more than a pathological interest"—an odd remark, this, from the author of three excellent biographies—"and it is to Byron's personal influence on modern literature that we owe the whole tribe of gifted exhibitionists, ranging in scope from Alfred de Musset to Dowson, who have attempted to 'live' their poems as well as write them." This opens more matters than I have space to consider. But, first, let us remember that many earlier poets had led highly irregular lives—the real difference, I suggest, is that from the Romantic Movement onwards they have written their lives as well as lived them; second, that Chateaubriand was born twenty years before Byron; third, that in England, at any rate, the great poets of the succeeding generation none of them succumbed to Byron's "daemonic example"—Tennyson, Browning, Arnold and Patmore were at least as orderly in their lives as any Augustan. Hugo and Lamartine never supposed that poets had to live outrageously, and I do not conceive that but for Byron's example Baudelaire, Verlaine and Rimbaud would have become Coppées or churchwardens.

One final quotation from this absorbing book:

> Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge were all of them devoted men of letters, unselfishly absorbed in their self-appointed tasks: Byron represents the intrusion of the brilliant amateur. It was at once the secret of his enormous popular success and the measure of his aesthetic limitations that he should rely so completely on the guidance of instinct.

This is well said. Byron was not an amateur in the W. G. Grace sense—he created a record in money-making; but he behaved to the Muse no more respectfully than to the women fetched by the gondoliers for his amusement. He was too careless or too conceited to correct, though never too lazy to write: in fifteen years he produced more than the eminently professional Tennyson did in over sixty. Mr. Quennell calls *Don Juan* "one of the greatest typical achievements of the European nineteenth century"—I must add that it is one of the most enjoyable achievements of any century. It is the only long poem in English (or French) that can compete in sheer readability with even the liveliest prose. This means not that Byron was a great poet, but that he was a very great writer. The fascination of the man has too much obscured the genius of the author. As soon as I had finished Mr. Quennell's book, I began *Don Juan*, thus attaining a double pleasure which I venture to recommend.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

LEFT ILLUSIONS

Is Innocence Enough? Some reflections on Foreign Affairs. By D. W. BROGAN. *Hamish Hamilton*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

I fancy this is only the first of a long series of books which will be written within the next few years by critics who are dissatisfied with the superficiality of attributing all our troubles to the "guilty men." Not, as Mr. Brogan says, that we are wrong in blaming the Baldwin and Chamberlain Governments, but that the more honest of us are also willing to admit that we have all, Left and Right, floundered about in difficulties that have been too great for us. Even four-square Communists must know in their souls that they have made mistakes; they are only inhibited from admitting it because that would be to cast doubts on the infallible source of their guidance. Mr. Brogan is particularly amusing and not really malicious in his chapter on the Communists. Most of his criticism, however, will fall flat with those who understand Marxist philosophy because since the proletarian revolution may still take place, it is not yet certain that the Communists have failed in their objective.

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* *Byron in Italy*. By Peter Quennell. Collins, 12*s*. 6*d*.

For the rest, Mr. Brogan's criticisms, which are good-tempered and often witty, centre on three main points. The job of confessing other people's sins is enjoyable enough; it is all the better reading when the confessor, like Mr. Brogan, admits in his book that he has shared in at least one of the errors he exposes.

There is nothing new, but something true, in each of Mr. Brogan's points. It is true that many people have been naive about Russia, though Mr. Brogan is scarcely fair in forgetting that Left support of the U.S.S.R. has often been coupled with honest criticisms of Stalin's policy. Mr. Brogan might have phrased his points differently had not Germany's invasion of Russia occurred after the book was finished, compelling him to add a not very valuable postscript. Secondly, it is true that the bulk of the British people—Mr. Brogan is wrong in thinking it a Left characteristic—are prone to think in terms of morality too far divorced from considerations of power. This is due to a history of insular security and a strong navy; we have not been afraid and therefore we have been able, until recently, to indulge, as Americans still do, in the luxury of morality. Mr. Brogan rightly points to the general failure to recognise Hitler's occupation of the Rhineland as a decisive moment in pre-war history. But he forgets, I think, that supporters of the popular front and collective security (among whom I gather he numbers himself) were perfectly right that no solutions of European problems could be discovered on national lines. He asks whether in discussing the problem of the Corridor we ever thought of giving East Prussia to Poland as a solution. The answer is that this might have postponed the war for a few years, just as French occupation of the Rhineland might have postponed it. It would have been better than giving either to the Nazis, but such actions would have served nothing unless they arose out of an organic effort to rebuild the economic and political life of Europe. Racial fanaticism is not an isolated German disease; Japan has had an equally rabid dose of it during the last ten years.

Finally, Mr. Brogan easily proves that many people, especially Marxists, have underestimated the persistent strength of nationalism. He fairly points out that international sentiment has everywhere gone down as a popular appeal before the force of a fanatical patriotism. He writes: "Nationalism is, perhaps, not an old doctrine; it is, perhaps, destined to wither away; it is a substitute for religion; it is irrational; but it is there."

Here Mr. Brogan forgets three things. The first is that one section of the community completely lacks patriotism. Talk to one of the directors of a great international monopoly; you will find no patriotism there. One who has lived for many years in these exclusive circles remarked to me the other day that he had never heard a patriotic sentiment expressed; even during the war, the only considerations which moved these men are the assurance of greater profit and greater power to be exercised from a New York skyscraper when the war is over. Secondly, it is not clear what follows from Mr. Brogan's rather obvious insistence that the forces of nationalism are strong. It would indeed, as he says, be unscientific not to recognise their strength; but Mr. Brogan would be the last to urge that one should run away from the enemy because he is strong. This brings me to the root error in Mr. Brogan's book. He is himself a man of encyclopaedic mind. His knowledge of France and America is unrivalled. He is no pedagogue, dead to the generous aspirations of his age. But he has not understood, as he has watched the struggles of his friends who shared in the rough and tumble of politics, the difference between error and defeat.

After the last war, two things were obvious to almost all those who set their minds to these problems. The capitalist system, as we knew it, combined with international anarchy, as we knew it, would quite inevitably lead to another war which would probably end our civilisation. That was a conclusion which has never been seriously challenged. It remains true to-day. If this war ends in another capitalist and nationalist victory, another even worse war will follow with the same inevitability. As I consider the political flounderings about which I should be more severe than Mr. Brogan, I see that the revolutionary underestimated nationalism, and that the social democrat was feeble, and that the cynics who hoped for no better fate for mankind held the power until Hitler snatched it from their palsied grasp. But the conclusion is not that we were deluded or foolish, but that we failed because the forces making for catastrophe were too strong. And I notice that Mr. Brogan who himself regards the strength of nationalism as "unfortunate" and who is not, I think, an advocate of the dictatorship of Wall Street, finds no single constructive remark with which to end his book. He gives no hint of any policy which can save us from catastrophe or which may do so in the future. If innocence has failed, where is sophistication leading him? I suggest that for a second edition he rechristens his very readable book: "Is sophistication enough? Some (good-natured but purely destructive) reflections on my friends."

KINGSLEY MARTIN

THE PERFECT GARDEN

Country Moods and Tenses. By EDITH OLIVIER. *Batsford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

I recently had the treat of visiting one of the loveliest of English gardens. To my mind it fulfilled all the conditions of perfect design. It had been planted in such a way that although the eye could travel down long vistas, outlined by noble hedges of yew or beech, one's more homely demands were also gratified by a succession of small enclosures, secret pools, little terraces, box-edged beds crammed with flowers, arbours of limes, quincunxes of clipped hornbeam. The proportions between the grand and the intimate had been perfectly observed. It was thus an architectural garden, not in the sense of being overcrowded with summer-houses, pavilions, orangeries, and what-not; not in the sense of being created more of stone than of living things; but in the sense of having its anatomy so finely planned that the underlying shapeliness satisfied some exaction of the mind. It was only later and in retrospect that one had time to take it mentally to pieces and discover why. This, surely, is what an analysis of all good garden planning should reveal.

It so happened that a few days later I came upon Miss Edith Olivier's new book, *Country Moods and Tenses*, and read therein the following passage:

> It is hard to say whether is best (*sic*)—to succeed to a great and famous garden, already a completed thing; or to plan and make the garden of one's dreams. I have no doubt which I should prefer, for the first kind of garden contains not only the actual beauty which strikes the eye, but the added beauty of association and history to fill the mind.

Well, I wonder. There is a great deal to be said on both sides; and Miss Olivier being an objectively minded person, says it all in spite of stating first which she would prefer. Having a traditional trend of spirit myself, I inclined at first towards Miss Olivier's point of view, but on thinking it over I wondered whether it wouldn't be more fun to create one's own garden; more satisfactory if one could expend forty years over it. On the whole, I thought it would. But then I came to the conclusion that the best thing of all would be to come into the possession of an old neglected garden, with a foundation of ancient trees and hedges, walls and flagstones; one might discover any treasure in a forgotten corner; one would not know until the first year had gone full circle what fresh surprise might make its appearance.

I commend the idea to Miss Olivier's consideration. Miss Olivier, however, is not likely to make use of it. She is one of those fortunate people who have their own niche in the world and (one assumes) is perfectly satisfied with it. A native of Wilton, near Salisbury, I imagine that the peak of her contentment was reached when, in 1938, she was invested with the red robes of office as Mayor of her Borough; hung the silver-gilt chain and enamel Seal round her neck, and took into her hand the small Queen Anne Mace; and, I suspect, surreptitiously stuffed a fistful of medicinal herbs into the hollow of its head as her predecessors had done

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V. SACKVILLE-WEST

RULE BRITANNIA

British Naval Policy, 1880—1905. By ARTHUR J. MARDER. *Putnam.* 31*s.* 6*d.*
Sea Shepherds. By SIR HERBERT RUSSELL. *Murray.* 9*s.*
From Gibralter to Suez. By LORD STRABOLGI. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Marder's monumental study of the growing and other pains of the British Navy in the most critical period of its history proceeds from the Bureau of International Research of Harvard University; and British and naval historians seem to have missed some good chances. "No stone unturned; no avenue unexplored; no dust admitted"—these are Mr. Marder's watchwords, the last being operative and saving. His raids on the archives were rewarded by at least two first prizes in the form of unpublished papers by Lord Fisher and Lord Spencer. Mr. Marder's appetite for facts is gargantuan. Politicians' opinion, technical opinion, Admiralty opinion are only half his meal; he must have public opinion as well. And so at every new crisis in a story which contains nothing but crises he plunges into the newspapers and magazines and delivers a stunning footnote. Mr. Marder's book thus contains in an overwhelming sense something for everybody, and its contents may perhaps be gauged by considering how Commander Blimp and Comrade Blump would react to them.

Commander Blimp: This chap knows his facts. Dismiss his explanations and you won't go far wrong. The trouble in 1880–1905 was that we had to cope with too many new ideas all at once. The change-over from wood and wind to steel and steam and the whole infernal bag of tricks of Fisher's *Dreadnought* had to come. There's no stopping these technical fellows, who tell you your latest design is hopelessly out of date a year after, acting on their advice, you steered a colossal building programme past the Treasury. We had quite enough to do keeping our bows ahead of France, Russia, Japan and Germany without having to worry about torpedoes and submarines, 5-mile firing ranges and wireless; but we had to worry because any of these might have been a winner. There was nothing very new about Mahan; we had been practising what he preached for two centuries; but Mahan put his ideas into other people's heads at a time when our long start in colonial plums was fading out and the struggle for Africa and the Far East was beginning. Particularly into Germany's head. Well, a lot of us didn't like Fisher, but where should we have been without him?

Comrade Blump: It's not a bad thing to look at a clearly defined stage of the descent to Armageddon. Marder's story reads like an endless examination-paper of familiar Questions set to an ill-prepared Admiralty. There is the Two Power Question; the Mediterranean Question; the Invasion Question; the Straits Question; the Far Eastern Question; the Big Gun Question. Each of these is somehow answered; but each leads, not to security and peace, but to another scare, another crisis, and so to the next Question. It is a perfect example of the essential instability of anarchy in international relationships. The blameless gentlemen at the head of these affairs were playing a game of grab and bluff, whose rules were as amoral as those of a card-sharper's table, and in each round of the game dangerous new jokers were slipped into the naval pack of cards by brilliant technical advances. There were cynical titters in the gaming saloon when the Tsar suggested that everyone's cards be laid on the table. The game was hardly interrupted. Jingo's Brass Band struck a higher note; Germany and Britain moved into insensate opposition; and at the end of Marder's story no element of the descent to come is wanting but the vision of a bomber climbing into the sky.

Sea Shepherds, a popular study of the wartime protection of sea-going trade, is written with the Olympian calm and detachment of a seasoned naval correspondent, for whom certain aspects of the problem seem to admit of no discussion. Sir Herbert Russell brings his story in detail down to the summer of 1940, but gives, for example, no hint that a really efficient organisation of Britain's overseas supplies in total war must involve very drastic alterations to the economic structure of the shipping interests. The history of blockade, with convoy as its main point of controversy, is a tangled subject which Sir Herbert does not do much to elucidate. Some time after the turn of the century the Admiralty, minimising the submarine menace, reversed its traditional convoy policy and brought us within a few weeks of starvation in 1917 before it could be persuaded to try convoys as a desperate reply to the U-boats. Sir Herbert's sketch of the development of Germany's sea attack in 1914–17, with its culmination in the Lloyd George-Jellicoe controversy, is well and fairly done.

Lord Strabolgi seems to accept cheerfully enough the treadmill of production of up-to-the-minute histories of the war. His latest, *From Gibraltar to Suez*, takes in the full sweep of the war in the Mediterranean up to and including the loss of Crete. Lord Strabolgi disarms the critic of this tremendous task by jotting down on his final page the pros and cons of history written at high speed on the top of events and with the censor at one's elbow. The reader need not, however, have been denied the comfort of a few campaign maps: even the stirring story of the sea fight of Matapan would be the better for this. Lord Strabolgi can lay about him pretty shrewdly even when travelling at this speed. His opinions on the failures of British Intelligence and their effects on the campaigns in Libya, Greece and Crete are worth noting.

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CHARTIST PORTRAITS

Chartist Portraits. By G. D. H. COLE. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

Mr. Cole is always at his best in writing social history. He knows the Labour movement so intimately from within, that he approaches the figures and institutions to be analysed with an understanding which is rare among academic historians. The Chartist Movement is a period with which he has lived long and loving hours, so that its figures have almost become his neighbours. If this is not that full-length history of the movement which probably he is, of contemporary historians, by all odds the best qualified to write, at least it is an important step on the road. It is a quite indispensable book to any student of this period; and most of it is the result of pioneer researches of real importance.

In a sense, the book is a tragic one, for, with the possible exception of Joseph Sturge, all the men of whom Mr. Cole is writing were failures; and most of them lived the grim hand-to-mouth existence with which our own generation has become tragically acquainted in the refugees from counter-revolutionary Europe. All of them, too, exhibit that pathetic inclination of Left movements to dwell upon the differences which divide them rather than upon the identities through which they could be united; with the invariable result that their major energies are devoted to fighting each other rather than fighting the common enemy. Of the Chartist period this is very specially the case; there are

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no two leaders in its history who remained united throughout its course. It had, perhaps, more than its average proportion of that vanity and peevishness which are born of the intense strain of fighting a losing battle with an undisciplined army of irregulars. Yet, tragic as the record is, it is full of moving episodes and illuminating lessons. The self-sacrifice of Ernest Jones, the unbreakable energy of Joseph Sturge, the noble anxiety of John Fielden to mitigate the sufferings of those upon whom his prosperity depended, of none of these can a humane person read without emotion.

Indeed, it is true, I think, to say that of the twelve men whom Mr. Cole portrays for us, it is difficult to dislike any save O'Connor and G. J. Harney. Yet even in the demagogic vanities of O'Connor Mr. Cole reveals a vein of genuine sincerity; and if there is something mean about the rasping shrillness of Harney, who was, as it were, a soiled copy of a Blanqui *manqué*, Mr. Cole makes us understand how the monumental complacency of the ruling class during the Chartist epoch, bred those qualities in men who found justice denied them on moral grounds. In most of the leaders, and in great masses of their followers, there are a devotion, a loyalty, and a persistence worthy of a better fate. It is not the least of the many virtues of this book that it makes us understand something of the price exacted from the masses for the establishment of that solid Victorian prosperity the depth of which is the cause of our power to endure to-day. Chartism is the child of hunger and cruelty, and the cruelty was the outcome of that fear for the security of property which, more than any other quality, releases the brute in man. The conclusions implicit in Mr. Cole's narrative are those implicit in the Hammonds' studies of this period. They lead to the insistence that upon the altar of property men will cheerfully offer every shred of human decency and remain certain that their conduct is the fulfilment of moral principle. The whig politicians, the judges of the King's Bench, the clergy, the manufacturers, compete with one another in their callous indifference to the suffering of the masses. Mr. Cole makes us see how easily this callous indifference equates itself with virtue. If only because we are on the threshold of a new and profounder 1848, his book is an index to the price men have to pay for discovering the terms of social equilibrium, if the engines of social power are in the hands of a small section only of the community. There are passages in the admirable introductory study Mr. Cole has prefixed to his book which ought to be read and pondered by every citizen in active public affairs to-day. For the temper he describes may easily become the temper of our own epoch unless we take steps against its emergence while there is still time.

HAROLD J. LASKI

CHARLES WESLEY

The Evangelical Doctrines of Charles Wesley's Hymns. By ERNEST RATTENBURY, D.D. *Epworth Press.* 12s. 6d.

Anything about the Wesleys is worth investigating nowadays. They stand four-square in the English tradition; they show how we tackle "reconstruction" when we mean business. They were leaders with a message of self-discipline, not philanthropists. They did not pity and patronise the disinherited: they offered them a tonic, not a sedative; or rather, perhaps, the knife, not the medicine bottle. Nothing will happen in England till we rediscover their technique; the technique of Latimer, Cromwell, Ruskin, and Gladstone. Put to the people of England a moral issue in plain language ("Old Noll" could speak plain enough when he chose), and they will, sometimes, stop whining or "taking it" and do something for themselves. It was a moral issue that the Wesleys put. They paid the poor the compliment of castigating their sins. To do this, so that people will listen, means coming down to their level: it needs candour and courage. If you stick to their grievances and their wrongs, you need neither courage nor candour, you can do it from upstairs, and in evening dress, and get away with it.

Charles, whichever way you turn him, has a finer edge than John. Without him Methodism would have taken on a cruder shade. If ever a man earned a place in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, it is this scholar of Westminster and "The House" who set the Authorised Version to a lilt of his own, and, like Blake and Wordsworth, could say big things in little words. Is he left out because a poem is now not a poem when it is a hymn? Dr. Rattenbury hit on a good theme when he set out to use Charles's hymns to make him come alive. With a subtler touch and the knack of only saying a thing once, he might have written a useful essay. Even as it is, he sets one thinking about the author of "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" and "Jesu, Lover of My Soul."

Charles was a finer Melanchthon to John's Luther, because he had the poet's gift of introspection: he was safe from the snares of overactivity. This meant that, of the two, he was at once the wiser and the less shrewd. His judgment was not so good on small things, better on big. John's commonsense made him a good critic of his brother's hymns; he was down, and rightly down, on the plaintive, sentimental, or erotic note to which Charles could descend, and as an evangelist Charles could not touch his record of miles travelled, books read (whether on horseback or elsewhere), sermons delivered and audiences spell-bound. Set John a just-not impossible task, with everything—time, place and climate—against him, and sheer will-power would see him through; he was of the lineage of Drake and Livingstone, and not a relative of the Iron Duke's for nothing. So, like the Duke, he did not know how to choose a wife: when Wellington said of himself that he "had no manners" he touched on something lacking in him of insight and sympathy—something which John Wesley also lacked. Never choose a man of action to whom to confess your sins. So there is the hint of a strut about John's long and dauntless pilgrimage across the 18th century; for all his sweet smile and warm heart and the drastic vigour with which he over-worked himself, there is more in what he had to say than he knew himself. He was a tireless traveller in Christianity who only half-understood his wares, the gospel of faith, hope and charity, all three.

Take any dozen of Charles's innumerable hymns, and you breathe a rarer atmosphere. John once cured himself of sea-sickness on ship board by getting hold of the cabin-boy and convicting him of sin. Charles would have convicted himself (not for the first time) and no doubt been very sick. It is one of Dr. Rattenbury's better remarks that Charles "always struggled to hitch his wagon to a star" and John "had the stars packed in his wagon."

KENNETH BELL

•

Thoughts on Pakistan. By DR. B. R. AMBEDKAR. *Thacker* (Bombay). 10 *rupees*.

Whilst remaining wary about any *divide et impera* business, one must remember that the Muslim and the Hindu differ almost as widely in religion, history, culture, dress, food, and to some extent language, as the English from the Chinese. There is no intermarriage. There is, on both sides, resentment about the past and fear about the future. India, by virtue of the Himalayas, may be a geographical entity: can it be a spiritual one?

It was a poet, Sir Mohammed Iqbal, who first sketched the idea of "Pakistan"—the establishment of an independent confederation of Islamic States in Northern India—in 1930. It was regarded, as poet's dreams are apt to be, with benevolent indifference until the Muslim League adopted it in 1940. Then it became a horrid reality to a multitude of Hindus who, by an odd democratic paradox, seemed about to secure a perpetual majority domination in India: and also to many Muslims who were securely fixed in governmental services. Certainly three-quarters of India were opposed to the idea. Yet it has grown. Circumstances have favoured it. Northern India, with its martial races, comes to the front, as always, in war: Hindustan, bound up with Congress non-co-operation, recedes. More significantly still, Teheran and Baghdad move a step closer to Delhi. The outline of a vast Islamic confederation, stretching from Constantinople to Lahore, is apparent. Islam knows no frontiers: its customs, food, dress, and culture are everywhere much the same. Transplant a Peshawar Muslim to Baghdad, Teheran or Madras: where will he feel

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A first book in English on the practicability—if nothing else—of the poet's dream should, therefore, be important enough to arouse the attention of English readers. It isn't a good book: it has far too many misprints: its English is faulty: and it is unhappily half way between what the author himself describes as "a report" and "readable." But it does contain a great deal of information, maps and documents, not before assembled, and the author has been at pains to collect facts rather than views. His own views, however, are very much in evidence. It is rather surprising that Dr. Ambedkar—although, as Leader of the Untouchables, he may well sympathise with any "minority" cause—should come down so heavily in favour of the partition of India. He seems altogether to discount the possibility that a warlike Northern confederation, distinctly short in resources, would fall upon and despoil the richer South. One could draw some startling comparisons between Dr. Ambedkar's study and Shelvankar's *Problem of India*; whatever the issue may be, *Thoughts on Pakistan* is worth the attention of anyone who is interested in the future of India and the Middle East.

Worry in Women. By AMBER BLANCO WHITE. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A closely printed book of 128,000 words, illustrating by examples pretty much every conceivable, real or unreal, cause of women's worries. All well observed and intelligently analysed. Freud and Dr. Ernest Jones are active in the prompt box. Will interest any woman unable to find a just reason for her bad conscience, for her feelings of inferiority, or for her domestic infelicity. Mrs. Blanco White is Lecturer in Psychology at Morley College and has come into intimate contact with all sorts of women, young and older. A well-written book, which would be much more practically helpful if its essentials were expressed in 60,000 words.

Week-end Competitions

No. 616

Set by G. W. Stonier

Commerce provides some strange uses of the epithet: "practical tailor," displayed on many windows, is an example. We offer the usual prizes for the best lists of half-a-dozen new epithets for trades or professions. *E.g.* punctual plumber.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, December 1st.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 613

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered for the best 20 lines adapting part of a Latin or French poem to a modern instance, as Pope adapted Horace and Johnson, Juvenal. Any metre can be used. Competitors should indicate exactly where the original passage is to be found.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

Horace, Juvenal, Tibullus, Lucan, Martial, Villon, Mathurin Regnier, La Fontaine, Boileau, Voltaire, Hugo and Rostand were among the models chosen by competitors. F. de la Iglesia sent Desportes's marvellous sonnet, *Icare*, adapted by a few most ingenious changes to fit Herr Hess. Towanbucket found in Francois Maynard an address to a poet that is most topical: "Si ton Esprit veut cacher Les belles choses qu'il pense, Dy-moy, qui peut t'empescher De te servir du Silence?" but his version lacks the elegance of the original. John Ruddock also failed to make the best use of a very clever idea, the adaptation of La Fontaine's *L'âne portant des Reliques* to Mr. Chamberlain's return from Munich. G. de Vavasour, I.R.I.S., E. Stanway, G. J. Blundell, Mabel Spencer, Leslie Johnson, Silvia Tatham and E. Barwell, are other competitors who deserve congratulations. William Bliss submitted three entries, all good, and his Juvenal I recommend, with no hesitation, for the first prize. W. J. Halliday deserves the second for his *Evacuee: Old Style*, though the word "blitz" seems to me out of keeping. I give his *New Style* also, for its own sake—it hardly gives what was required.

FIRST PRIZE

JUVENAL ON HITLER

(Adapted from Satires IV and X)

See Schickelgrub again; a Cockatrice
Without one Virtue to redeem his Vice.
Ungraced of body, commonplace of mind
Save for his paranoic lust to rule Mankind . . .
What matters then though Fortune first caress?
The evil man ne'er knows true happiness. . . .
(Sat. IV incipit)

What brought the Caesars, what Napoleon, low—
And all who to o'erweening heights would grow,
But that insatiate greed for Tyrant power
Which the Gods grant for an ironic hour
And watch them piling towering wall on wall
To make more fearful their predestined fall . . .
Why then curse Schickelgrub?—'Tis waste of breath;
Few Tyrants yet have died a bloodless death! . .
(Sat. X, the Sejanus episode *et seq.*)
Though, when he banished Learning, Art, and all
That graced his land, no vengeance yet did fall
Hear now his Fate from my prophetic pen:

"*He perished when he angered common men;*
And in the blood of martyred Liberty
Himself was whelmed who thought to whelm the Free." (Sat. IV conclusion).

Note.—Juvenal wrote Sat. IV after the event—after the death of the tyrant, Domitian. I have had to prophesy. But the *cause* of the fall of both is the same—"He perished when he began to annoy cobblers"—and the event is as certain.

WILLIAM BLISS

SECOND PRIZE

Beatus ille . . .

(Horace. Epodes 2)

THE EVACUEE

1. OLD STYLE

Happy the boy and girl who free from care
Leave city streets to breathe the country air.
Freed from the siren's whine, from murderous hits,
And ruined hearths, dread victim of the blitz,
The crowded tenement he leaves behind,
The sleepless nights that paralysed the mind.
Behold him now the spade and mattock wield
Mid rows of cabbages in yonder field:
See how he wrests the honey from the hive,
Or tends the bean, the onion and the chive.
When Autumn's ripeness in the orchard glows,
He plucks the harvest, and the fruit bestows
In vat and barrel by the countless score,
The farmer's glory and the people's store.
'Tis pleasant now to watch the creamy surf,
Or lie beneath the oak on matted turf.
The streamlet glides, the air with singing thrills,
And slumber falls, lulled by the murmurous rills.
When Winter comes with snow and icy blast,
What joy to board the pond, slide smoothly past,
Cut figure eights, or catch the country habit,
Take to the fields and snare the timid rabbit.
Sweet prizes all! Who would not then forget
The city's horrors and war's hideous threat?

2. NEW STYLE

I wanna go home, I wanna go home,
This country life's nothing but bosh,
I'll stick to my fleas, and swear as I please,
And wash when I feels like a wash.
I wanna go home, this place gets me down,
No movies, and everything posh.
Mi dad in his liquor is better than Vicar
And Sunday School's bloody, by gosh!

I wanna go home, I wanna go home,
This country life fair gives me fits.
If a chap wants to baulk using knife, spoon and fork
Why shouldn't he just use his mits?
I wanna go home, this place is plumb dead,
I'd rather be blasted to bits,
And enjoy mi own dirt, wi 'aht stockings and shirt.
It's home, and who cares for the blitz?

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